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THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

THE INVINCIBLES.

"Arms and the men, I sing."

Of all the great days which this great city has ever witnessed, the fourteenth of November 1831, is and ever will be the greatest. The fourth of July sinks into insignificance in the comparison—evacuation day is shorn of its laurels, and new year's day dwindles into a day of every-day occurrence. Ye orators, who proclaim the glories of our independence, hushed be your voices—ye military chieftains, who strut through the streets, doffed be your plumes—ye poets-laureate, who cackle your annual song, mute be your strains—ye are all thrown into the shade—eclipsed, nullified, by **The Invincibles.**

But how shall I describe the glories of the glorious fourteenth—how relate its every occurrence, so that after ages may read and be instructed—so that the father yet unborn may tell to his child, and the child to the great-grandchild, the events of this great day? Oh! for a quill curtailed from the tail of that great bird, which whilom flew away with Sinbad the Sailor on his back—or for a feather plucked from the cap of Colonel Pluck, wherewithal to write these great events. But alas! alas! to me the muses deny such favors and grant alone this "grey goose quill"—instrument unworthy of my theme.—But to my task.

Morn dawned auspicious upon this august occasion. The sun rose dancing and shaking his sides with joy, as upon Easther day—the clouds, that, all night long, had hung round the horizon, like bob-majors round the skirts of a general, opened to the right and left at the approach of this great day. Yet was it ushered in by no roar of musketry nor thunder of cannon.—Awe-struck and astounded, these brazen heralds of war, held their peace. The flags, which from the Hall of Justice and the neighboring Tammany, rise so proudly on other great days, rose not on this—for on this day nothing was to flag!

The sun, however had no sooner risen, than up rose a troop of *The Invincibles*—a general troop—

> And having snatched a short repast,
> And buckled on their shining arms in haste,

they hied them forth each to his country's call,

> Resolved to conquer or to die,
> In the last trench of Liberty.

And now at sundry corners in this wide metropolis, might be seen congregating, like flies round a rum cask, these same Invincibles, decked out in fantastical array, and having formed themselves into goodly columns, they forthwith took up the line of march from their respective stations to the general rendezvous in Canal street. Here arrived, you might have seen a sight such as you never saw before—Turk and Christian—Jew and Gentile—Goth and Frank—Russian and Pole—French and English—Indian and Hottentot—Cherokee and Owyhee—Half-horse and Half-aligator—all the great nations of the earth were here represented and the greatest military characters that have ever appeared.

At length, when the sun had got nearly midway into the heavens, so that he could look down and enjoy an uninterrupted view, the Invincibles began to move forward in military order and to exhibit their own consummate skill in military tactics. Foremost, came Napoleon—not he who erst shook all Europe to the centre—it was one, who, although resembling him in outward form, was within no more like that Napoleon, than General Jackson's nose is like a sturgeon's—this was Napoleon the Reformer—that the Napoleon that was reformed. Next came Don Miguel—from Portugal came he? Oh no—the Invincible Don claimed no lineage with royal blood, though, on this day, he showed more blood, than ever he whose name he bore. Lord Grey and other Lords, next followed—all honorable men—all ready to go the entire swine in the great cause of Reform.

Then came on foot a numerous and heterogeneous train,

> With corn-stalks for guns—
> And pumpkin shells for drums—

"armed and equipped as the law directs." Some wore the dress their fathers wore, and some dresses their fathers it would have shamed to wear. Music—that music, which

> Hath charms to soothe the savage,
> To break a rock and split a cabbage,

lent those dulcet charms to honor the occasion. Loud and sonorously did the banjo, the tambourine and hautboy send forth their wild and spirit-stirring notes to that popular air, "The Coal-black Rose"—while ever and anon, as the strains struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the black musicians, they would roll up the white of their eyes and strike down the sole of their feet, as much as to say, "God bress you, massa Napoleon, the Reformer!"

Inspired by the scene, the very boys in the streets joined in the march, entering, as voluntary conscripts, into the service of Napoleon. Such zeal and devotion of the heart and head—of pumpkin heads as well as of other heads—no military chieftain had till this day ever experienced. All united to do great Cæsar homage. His march, as he rode through the city, mounted on a raw-boned charger, which, like his master, had "done the State some service," and bearing on his shoulders a sword of huger dimensions than was even Goliah's, was one continued scene of triumph and joy. Wherever he came, up flew the windows, and roses and smiles from fair hands and fair faces, were showered upon him. Woman—lovely woman, ever in love with a red-coat or a lobster, was completely smitten with the imposing splendor of the scene. Some screamed with ecstacy and some attempted to faint—some wrung their hands in a delirium of joy and some rung the bell for Betty, to come and fan them.

Betty! where was she? While their mistress was thus serving the cause of her country up stairs, Betty and Kate and Dianah were not less patriotic below. Each cellar and kitchen door revealed the shiny faces and laughter-loving eyes of some black wench, encouraging by this means, the military ardor of the day. The spit was forsaken, the ladle flung recklessly on the floor, while the inmates of the kitchen rushed forward to catch a glimpse of the glorious Invincibles.

But my Muse—jade that she is—begins to jade indeed. She stops—nor whip, nor spurs, nor threats, nor coaxing will urge her on. Could she speak, words like the following, would, I fear, come from her tongue.

> Enough of this--I've had enough--
> This *militaire* is wretched stuff--
> 'Tis all a humbug--and no good
> Will come of making men of wood--
> Yes, wooden officers to lead
> You by the nose--I do not plead
> The cause of the Militia System,
> But this I say and do insist on,
> That the true way your griefs to heal
> The obnoxious laws is to repeal --
> To general court send *general Pluck*,
> My word for it--they'll give it up.

D.

COBBETT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN, &c.

As the western emigrant goes out into the woods with his axe and day's provisions on his back, and, with a lusty arm, makes the old forest trees fall before him, so Cobbett enters upon his labor with a sharp wit and a good store of knowledge, and he lays about him right manfully, levelling old prejudices and striking at the very roots of ancient and time-hallowed opinions. Few men are endowed with the moral courage that he is—few men are able and willing to take up any given subject—examine it thoroughly for themselves and then to come out boldly with their own opinions on that subject. Widely different is the way of a modern book-maker. He must first read every thing that has ever been written on the subject—or rather skim over its surface—next, he must look into the reviews of the respective works on the subject—see how far the views of this one are approved and of that one condemned—how the opinions of all of them, indeed, are ranked in the scale of the critics—and then, when at last he has ascertained all these particulars—he *makes* a book—that is, he gives you the result of other men's labours, without a single original thought of his own—without a solitary scintillation from his own brain, or one spark of genius or invention to stamp the work as his own offspring.

The great merit of Cobbett's writings, on the contrary, is, that he gives you his own thoughts—his own reflections and his own experiences. You may smile at his vanity, at his egotism, nay—if you choose to call it so, for it is the *fashion* to speak in this way of Cobbett—at his unblushing impudence—but after all, if you are a man of sense and independence of character, you will pass over these things, or at least make the reasonable allowances for the peculiar *foible* of the man, and inquire only into the real merits of his productions. If you find in them much solid information—advice however contrary to received opinions, founded upon truth and fortified by undeniable arguments—precepts, the truth and utility of which are illustrated by the writer's own experience—in fine, if throughout you perceive a regular, firm and consistent course of conduct enjoined, such as your own good sense assures you is the wisest, yet such as the world at large may not practise—then, you will yield to him the assent of your judgment and acknowledge the merit of his productions as a whole, without regard to any particular blemishes.

In the above remarks, we have expressed our opinion of the work before us. Almost every subject connected with the interest and welfare of a young man is treated of in this book. We could wish that the young men of our country might read it for themselves—we feel persuaded that it would do much good—that it would correct the numerous extravagancies and false notions which are but too prevalent even in this land of republican habits. Half the evils in life, arise, according to Cobbett, from "the desire of being thought rich, or rather from the desire of not being thought poor." It is this which leads young men to dress beyond their means—to incur expences they can easily dispense with—to enter into dissipations alike ruinous to their health and pockets—and finally to run in debt for a thousand things, which otherwise they would never have thought of purchasing. But hear Cobbett himself:

> This shame of being thought poor is not only dishonorable in itself, and fatally injurious to men of talent; but it is ruinous even in a *pecuniary* point of view, and equally destructive to farmers, traders, and even gentlemen of landed estate. It leads to everlasting efforts to *disguise one's poverty:* the carriage, the servants, the wine, (O, that fatal wine!) the spirits, the decanters, the glasses, all the table apparatus, the dress, the horses the dinners, the parties, all must be kept up; not so much because he or she or who keeps or gives them, has any pleasure arising therefrom, as because not to keep and give them, would give rise to a suspicion *of the want of means* so to give and keep; and thus thousands upon thousands are yearly brought into a state of real poverty by their great *anxiety not to be thought poor.* Look round you, mark well what you behold, and say if this be not the case. In how many instances have you seen most amiable and even most industrious families brought to ruin by nothing but this; Mark it well: resolve to set this false shame at defiance, and when you have done that, you have laid the first stone of the surest foundation of your future tranquility of mind. There are thousands of families, at this very moment, who are thus struggling to keep up appearances.
>
> The accursed wine, which is a sort of criterion of the style of living, a sort of *scale* to the *plan*, a sort of *key* to the *tune;* this is the thing to banish first of all; because all the rest follow, and come down to their proper level in a short time. The accursed decanter cries footman or waiting maid, puts bells to the side of the wall, screams aloud for carpets; and when I am asked, "Lord *what* is a glass of wine?" my answer is, that in this country, it is *every thing;* it is the pitcher of the key, it demands all the other unnecessary expenses; it is injurious to health, and must be injurious, every bottle of wine that is drunk containing a certain portion of ardent spirits, besides other drugs, deleterious in their nature; and, of all the friends to the doctors, this fashionable beverage is the greatest. And, which adds greatly to the folly, or, I should say, the real vice in using it, is, that the parties themselves, nine times out of ten, do not drink it by *choice;* do not like it; do not relish it; but use it from mere ostentation, being ashamed to be seen even by their own servants, not to drink wine.

Throughout the work, indeed, Cobbett inveighs, in good set terms, against the use of wine. We have seen nothing in the reports of all our Temperance Societies so conclusive upon this subject as what is here to be found. And the reason of this is, that he brings the subject home to every man's bosom—he points out precisely, the how, the why, and the wherfore the use of ardent spirits is injurious and destructive. It is no small recommendation of this little volume, that the female sex, is every where spoken of in the highest terms—take for instance the following specimen, which, as it bears some connexion with the preceding extract, may not here be amiss.

> A man that cannot pass an evening without drink merits the name of a sot. Why should there be drink for the purpose of carrying on conversation? Women stand in need of no drink to stimulate them to converse; and I have a thousand times admired their patience in sitting quietly at their work, while their husbands are engaged, in the same room, with bottles and glasses before them, thinking nothing of the expense and still less of the shame which the distinction reflects upon them. We have to thank the women for many things, and particularly for their sobriety, for fear of following their example in which men drive them from the table, as if they said to them: "You have had enough; food is sufficient for you; but we must remain to fill ourselves with drink, and to talk in language which your ears ought not to endure." When women are getting up to retire from the table, men rise *in honour* of them; but they take special care not to follow their excellent example. That which is not fit to be uttered before women is not fit to be uttered at all; and it is next to a proclamation tolerating drunkenness and indecency, to send women from the table the moment they have swallowed their food. The practice has been ascribed to a desire to leave them to themselves; but why should they be left to themselves? Their conversation is always the most lively, while their persons are generally the most agreeable objects. No: the plain truth is, that it is the love of the drink and of the indecent talk that send women from the table; and it is a practice which I have always abhorred. I like to see young men, especially, follow them out of the room, and prefer their company to that of the sots that are left behind.

Now this is sense—plain, practical common sense—addressed to every man's understanding, and the truth of which every man, however loth, must acknowledge. In conclusion we can only say that, for a long time, we have seen no book which has afforded us so much pleasure and real information—the publisher, Mr. John Doyle, of this city, has our thanks for the treat he has afforded us—we cordially recommend the work to all young men, who are not too *old* to learn or too *wise* to accept advice of others. D.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Old shoes—musquitos—worn out cloaks—
 Cut fingers and dead cats,
Figure in verse, beside soft rhymes
 On hose and ragged hats.
And if o'er such prosaic themes
 His pen the poet shakes,
Frenzy may surely stride the quill
 That praises Buckwheat Cakes!

The dreamy memory of the plate
 I feasted on last night,
Plays with my fancy now, and warms
 My bosom with delight:
I muse upon it, and my mouth
 Yet waters with the thought,
Knowing that I to-night can buy
 Others where that was bought.

You'll know a Yankee by the way
 He sits before this dish,
His plate well heaped, he seems to have
 On earth no other wish:—
Softly before his eager nose
 The pleasant fumes are fanned,
While he pours luscious treacle on,
 With an unsparing hand.

Not turtle soup, nor rich champaigne,
 With him can have such power;
An alderman might envy him
 The luxury of the hour!
No thought of indigestion comes,
 No head-ache gives him fears,
As silently he ponders o'er
 Each cake that disappears.

He pays his sixpence and retires,
 On bee-kissed fields to dream,
And fire-side thoughts of *home* once more
 Across his memory gleam.
'Tis pleasant—and 'tis cheap enough—
 The thought it conjures up;
Better than sparkling wine that fills
 The Corporation cup.

He never lived in Yankee-land
 Who loves not pumpkin-pie,
Neither did he who does not drink
 The mug of cider dry:—
New-England* never pleasant dreams
 In that youth's mind awakes,
Whose bosom warmeth not with mine
 In praise of Buckwheat Cakes! FITZ.

Impromptu, ascribed to Mr Croker, on Lord John Russell's complaining that the attendance on the Reform Bill had hurt his health:

> Jack and Bill brought in a bill
> To breed a Revolution:
> Bill fell down and cracked his Crown,
> And Jack his Constitution.

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* What is here said of New-England would better apply to New-Jersey or Pennsylvania. Buckwheat cakes are not a very common dish in New-England. Indeed we believe a great proportion of the inhabitants never tasted them—the little buckwheat that is raised, being generally used as bait for pigeons, or provender for horses. Flap-jacks—or *slap-jacks*—it is true, are very common at the East; but they are made of wheat, and want that charming lightness and fine flavor of which the buckwheat only is capable. Our poet must have been so fortunate as to have been born and reared in some happy nook where a luxury, unknown to most New-Englanders, was enjoyed. [Ed.

MISCELLANY.

MARY'S BOWER.

By Gilfillan.

The mavis sings on Mary's bower,
 The lav'rock in the sky;
An' a' is fair round Mary's bower,
 An' a' abune is joy!
But sad's the gloom in Mary's bower,
 Though a' without be gay;
Nae music comes to greet the morn,
 Nae smile to glad the day.

Her lover left young Mary's bower,
 His ship has cross'd the main;
There's waefu' news in Mary's bower—
 He ne'er returns again.
A breaking heart in Mary's bower,
 A wasting form is there;
The glance has left that e'e sae blue,
 The rose that cheek sae fair.

The mavis flies frae Mary's bower,
 The lav'rock quits the sky,
And mournfu' sighs o'er Mary's bower
 The moaning winter's make.
The snaw fa's white on Mary's bower,
 The tempests loudly rave—
The flowers that bloom'd round Mary's bower
 Now wither on her grave!

TRIAL BY BATTLE.

We copy this description from "Jacqueline of Holland," not as a specimen of the work, but for its peculiarity. The brutality of the exhibition to which it relates is only parallelled by its folly; yet this is one of the aspects in which the "lords of the creation" appear before their fellows.—*Atlas.*

"The combat for life and death between Jacotin Plouvier and Nicholas Mavot was the subject of universal curiosity, and a species of wild interest, to almost every individual in the town and castle of Hesdin. It was fixed for the hour of noon on the day following the scenes we have just described. Long before that hour, the lists had been prepared in the market place of the town, fronting the site where the Hotel de Ville was subsequently erected, by Sebastian Oya, architect to the Emperor Charles V. The immense crowds collected from the towns and villages for leagues around, who had heard of the affair during the night, now filled the wide area of the market-place with a lively exhibition of human anxiety, in a matter that involved excitements a thousand times greater than the most elegant display of chivalry. And there was something desperately awful in the absence of every thing imposing, and the presence of all that was impressive, in the preparations for the deadly conflict. The coarsely constructed arena was thick-strewn with sand; the palings that surrounded it were rough and rude; two chairs covered with black cloth were placed at either end; the huts outside the lists which contained the almost savage men were of the commonest materials, little better than styes for swine; while opposite the duke's pavilion was a high gibbet, from which a rope dangled down; and a dark-visaged hangman stood beneath, holding the noose in his impatient hand.

Just as the clock of St. Mary's church struck out the deep sounding notice of noon, the trumpets of Duke Philip announced his entrance into the tower; and in a few minutes he and his suite of friends and followers took the various places assigned for them. No parade of majesty beyond the official troop of attendants accompanied Philip on this occasion. He came in the mere character of a spectator; and the solemnity of his black suit and the stern calmness of his look in which he seemed the model for all those around him, harmonized well with the awful feelings of the crowd. No ladies appeared in the pavillion. Their absence was occasioned, not by the ferocity, but by the vulgarity of the expected exhibition. Had it been gentlemen who were going fight, and noble blood that was going to flow, the tender dames of the fifteenth century had not shrunk from, but would have anxiously thronged to the scene. But the total want of every thing soft or graceful left the spectators to the unembellished exposure of man's natural fierceness.

The provost of the town, Mercio du Gardin, and Messire Gilles de Harchies, a gentleman appointed for the day to the same office on the part of the duke, acted as judges, and took their station in a balcony close to the lists. At a signal from Philip that he was ready, a bell was rung, for the combatants were not honored with a flourish of trumpets, and the doors of the huts were simultaneously opened and the men led to their respective chairs. Mavot looked wild and haggard, his adversary determined and fierce—but the countenances of both were stamped with the air of desperation natural to men on the point of a struggle which must end in the death of one or the other.

The whole appearance of these men had something frightfully ludicrous; and the crowd on seeing them could not resist a murmur of laughter, which rose above the exclamation of horror that mingled with it. For a tight dress of leather enveloped each, showing the form of limbs and body with the accuracy of complete nudity; their feet were naked, their nails cut close, and their heads shaved. They stared on each other with an expression of mutual surprise and disgust; and recollecting that each was a resemblance of the other, they simultaneously started back, as if they would shrink from the reflection of their own disfigurement. They sat down on the chairs, and waited the progress of the ceremony, while the provosts raised their truncheons and called out to the indecorous crowd with a loud voice 'Guare le Ban!'—a technical warning of magical effect, for it produced an instant silence among the people, who dreaded the punishment that was sure to follow an infraction of the order it implied.

Some of the corporate officers now entered, with attendants bearing various matters. Two of them placed in the hand of each champion a bannerol of devotion emblematic of their respective saints: and a functionary, holding a large illuminated mass-book with silver clasps, proposed the customary oaths, with true official indifference to the perjury which one or the other of necessity committed. Mavot swore that he killed his enemy fairly; and Plouvier swore that he did the deed foully. The impatience of the spectators was quickly relieved by the more decisive tokens of the approaching combat. To each of the men was now handed a triangular wooden shield, painted red, the apex of which they were obliged to hold upwards, instead of bearing it in the more natural and efficient manner common to knights and soldiers. Then the bannerols were replaced by two maple sticks of equal length and weight, and each a most deadly weapon in the grasp of a desperate man. The chairs were removed outside the lists; and the final ceremony of preparation took place.

This was of a nature to call forth the exercise of all the provost's authority to repress the laughter of the crowd, and to put to a severe test the decorum of the better-mannered spectators. Close beside each champion was placed a copper vessel filled with grease; and a groom seizing each with one arm immediately fell to work to smear him over every part with the slippery unction, so as to make it quite impossible that either could catch hold of his adversary with any chance of retaining him for an instant.

Next was brought forward two basins of ashes, in which each man carefully plunged his hands and rubbed them well, removing the grease and allowing a steady grasp of shields and cudgels. And then was put to the mouths of both, coarse sugar, to refresh them in the course of the combat, keep them in wind, and afford a supply of saliva—for such were the supposed qualities of the remedy.

The attendants now retired; and one of the provosts standing up in his balcony, flung down a glove into the arena, and cried loudly—

'Let each man do his duty!'

A rush forward towards the paling, which bent inwards with the pressure of the throng, straining, jumping, pushing, and squeezing—and causing, consequently, a general disappointment to individual efforts, proved the anxiety of the people to witness the first assault. It instantly took place; Plouvier, who was strong and athletic, rushed forward with the vigor of a wild beast bounding on its prey. It seemed as if the next moment must have decided the fate of the short and crooked, but still active being to whom he was opposed; and had Mavot waited the attack, such had no doubt been the result. But as Plouvier came close to him and raised his arm to strike, he shifted his cudgel into his left hand, held up his shield, and, stooping down, seized a fistful of sand, which he dexterously flung full into his enemy's face. Shouts of applause and laughter burst from the people at this unheroic stratagem, and were loudly renewed as Plouvier strove to rub the sand from his eyes, while Mavot plied him with fresh showers of the subtle missile, and accompanied every discharge with a stroke on the legs, which made the other caper about in a double dance of pain and rage, alternately stooping his hand to rub his shins, or raising it to relieve his eyes.

Plouvier dealt round furious blows at random, but enough to keep aloof a bolder assailant than his; and, by degrees, he freed his eyes from the sand. Then measuring the distance between him and his prey, he darted forward and attempted to seize Mavot by the arm. But the greasy member slipped through his hold, and several similar efforts met the same result, the crooked man twisting and twining away with most ludicrous attitudes of active deformity. Plouvier gasped for breath, and dashed the foam from his mouth; while Mavot, seizing the opportunity of his exhaustion, aimed one blow at his stooping head, with such sure effect, that the blood spouted from his brow and streamed down his face, while he staggered back and fell to the earth apparently senseless.

To finish the victory he was thus rapidly gaining, Mavot limped after his victim, encouraged by the shouts of his friends. 'Long live Nicholas Mavot, free burgess of Hesdin!' was the cry from all quarters; and the hitherto triumphant man flourished his cudgel for joy. He approached the prostrate enemy, and raising the weapon high, seemed to search the most vital part for its descent, when Plouvier, who had met trick with trick, and only feigned insensibility, sprung upwards with a galvanic bound, and before the deliberate homicide could elude his grasp, he seized him by the throat with both hands, squeezed and shook him with giant force, then flung him on the sand, and with half-a-dozen well-dealt blows left him a corpse.

He gazed at him for a while to mark that his struggles were over. Then, amidst a profound silence from the astonished and horror-stricken crowd, he raised the body in his arms, and advancing to one side of the lists he flung it over the paling, at the hangman's feet, and under the gibbet from which it was so soon to dangle.

A loud shout of acclamation now burst from the crowd, who had recovered from their momentary feeling of horror. 'Jacotin Plouvier for ever!' was now the cry; and, amidst the boisterous greetings of the people, who rushed around from all sides, Duke Philip and his guests abruptly retired, disgusted at the scene, and somewhat ashamed to have been its witnesses."

COMMENCEMENT AT YALE COLLEGE.

From the N. E. Magazine.

"The Commencements at our colleges resemble, in some degree, the public games of Greece, but with a difference not very creditable to us. All Greece, and all the sons of Greece, wheresoever dispersed over the civilized world, collected at Olympia, and the other festal cities, to witness the Athletic games. The object seems scarce worth the attendance. With us a limited—though an intelligent and interested assembly—is brought together to witness, not a foot race, nor a chariot race, nor a match at quoits or in wrestling, performed by men,—who, after all, must have been left a better species of prize-fighters;—but, the specimens of proficiency, and the earnest of future usefulness, exhibited by the young men, who are to be the guides and ornaments of the country. These great academic festivals ought to excite more interest. Their object is of eminent importance; not merely for the sake of the transactions of the day on which they are held, but for the moral influence on the minds and hearts of the young men, who are then taking a new departure in life; and also for the effect on our places of education, produced by the notice of a scrutinizing and watchful community.

In former times, Commencement was a greater matter than it has since become—and this for good reasons. There were then fewer colleges; for a good while after the settlement of the colonies, only one in New England, and then, for another long period, but two. We have now eight or ten to divide the interest, which is taken in their respective festivals, by the friends of our colleges. But in addition to this, with the progress of society, numerous other institutions have sprung up—other societies and celebrations demand attention. The calls of political life, under the present government, give employment for not a little of the time and attention which, before the revolution, must have taken another direction; and a dense population provides, in the relations of private life, that mental aliment and gratification which, in a simple state of society, were sought in the religious and academic celebrations. In fact, election day, and occasionally an ordination and commencement, were about the only festivals which our self denying ancestors were permitted to enjoy. At the present period, the red-letter days are almost a majority in the calendar. Public celebrations have greatly multiplied. Associations have become exceedingly numerous—many of them organized for public assembling and discourse—and Commencement day is but one among numerous occasions, reputed of nearly equal interest, in the course of the year. Besides all this, as a community becomes prosperous, and the means of comfort and domestic enjoyment abound within doors, public places of resort lose their zest. The passion of the Greeks for out-doors life, sports, and occupations, was, no doubt, much heightened by their detestable privation of household comforts.

If Commencements have declined a little in interest, (we speak of all Commencements) the fault may be partly in those whose duty it is to prescribe the order and matter of these academic festivals. The treat formerly consisted very much of orations and dialogues in the learned languages, enlivened by metaphysical discussions of points of scholastic philosophy.—This must always, and to all persons, have been a terrible *bore*—as much so to the grave professors and reverend presidents, who were obliged to sit and seem to listen to it all, as to the young, gay, and fashionable, who thronged the galleries. This has passed away. The spirit of the age has invaded the walls of our colleges, and among numerous other reforms, has secularized the exercises of Commencement day. Hebrew and Syriac orations—(we remember a Hebrew one, on pride, from a worthy graduate, who, we are sure, knew as little of the passion, as the audience did of the language in which he described it)—have been exorcised; syllogistic arguments in Latin are put to flight; and the learned tongues have scarce retained a foothold, except in the salutatory and valedictory orations. The exercises under various names are substantially a succession of English orations and essays; we speak of our colleges generally. Now of these, the number usually delivered is too great to be brought within moderate compass; and, as the writing and speaking of a piece of composition, in his mother tongue, happens to be precisely the hardest thing in nature, of the literary kind, to do well—the very *ne plus ultra* of education and talent—it results that a considerable number, who are put to this test, although they may acquit themselves creditably, all things considered, fail of a degree of excellence sufficient to gratify a large and mixed audience. How would it do, to select some three or four of the graduating class, those best able to do credit to themselves and to the college, by a public exhibition, and allow to them a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes each; that all thought of any thing handsome may not be crushed by the farcical constraint of limits now of necessity enjoined; providing for the residue of the class some other system of rewards, and a more precise indication of relative merit? At the commemoration of Oxford, four performances only take place—being those of prize essayists and poets.

New England has reason to be proud of her colleges. There were, in 1827, in all the New England colleges, fourteen hundred students. If we suppose a fourth to be graduated yearly, we have three hundred and fifty young men of education annually dismissed from our places of education into the world. Of these, a large number are from other parts of the country, and naturally carry away with them, in most cases, a kindly recollection of the college at which they have been educated. In fact, the attachment of the alumni of most of our colleges to the Alma Mater is strong and distinct enough, to form an *esprit du corps* among several powerful sections of the community. With the lapse of time, and the growing repute and age of the colleges, it will increase. It has already been drawn into the elements of political calculation, among the influences which may affect the prospects of candidates. It is almost the only compensation which New England has for the irreversible decree of proscription which the organization of the Union produces against her. It is in her destiny to exercise no permitted direct control over the interests of the country; but her seminaries of learning enable her to wield some indirect power over public sentiment.

But we have been talking of commencements in general. We must not forget that we have written "*Commencement at Yale College*" at the head of our article. The attractions of this year's Commencement at Yale were not a little heightened by the appearance of Chancellor Kent, as the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the day before. Before attending the exercises of this institution, we enjoyed an opportunity, by the kindness of Professor Kingsley, one of the soundest scholars and most judicious critics in the country, of visiting some of the collegiate establishments. Most of these are too well known to need description. But the fine new Telescope deserves to be mentioned. This instrument is, probably, the best in the country, about ten or twelve feet long, with a magnifying power of three or four hundred, of the most approved English construction and workmanship. It is the gift of Mr. Clark, a farmer of a neighbouring town, who, without having himself received the advantages of a college education, and without being stimulated by theological sympathy or sectarian zeal, has been a more magnificent benefactor of Yale College, than all other individuals united! The splendid Mineralogical Cabinet, collected by Colonel Gibbs, forms an ornament of the college too well known to be commemorated. It is the most costly and elegant in the United States, and in these respects superior to that at Cambridge, which is said, however to be of equal scientific value.

At eleven o clock on Tuesday, we repaired to one of the churches in town, to attend the oration of the Chancellor. It was understood that, at the private meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the brethren of Yale had concurred with the branch at Harvard, in abolishing the idle injunction of secrecy which lay upon the proceedings of the fraternity. This Society, in its origin, was a college club instituted for literary purposes. Its secret organization grew out of the youthful love of mystery, of which there are other equally harmless cases among the young men at college. In the lapse of time, this Society has acquired a new character,—that of a literary association of a portion of the alumni of the colleges where it exists, including some of the most distinguished men of the community, and attracting to its anniversaries a resort not much inferior to that of Commencement. The affectation of mystery in an association of this character, is, of course, unwise and objectionable. We wish, in abolishing it, that the Society had gone one step further, and changed the pedantic, ill-sounding name, which is in the worst possible taste.

The Chancellor's appearance was a most gratifying incident. He told us it was the fiftieth anniversary since his graduation. The Chancellor, by the over scrupulous care of our fellow-citizens of New York to protect the bench from incompetent judges, has been for the last six or eight years legally superannuated; but is blessed, nevertheless, with the still unclouded possession and exercise of one of the soundest, best adjusted, and truest intellects, that have ever adorned the country or his profession. We do not take upon ourselves to pass judgment on the wisdom of that provision of the constitution of New York, alluded to; but had it been in force with respect to the courts of the United States and Great Britain, many years of service of some of the ablest judges that ever sat on the bench would have been lost to the world. Chief Justice Marshall would have been obliged to vacate his seat fifteen or sixteen years ago.

The Chancellor's address was very happily conceived and successfully executed. It was a sketch of the efforts of the early settlers of New England in the cause of education, succeeded by a brief history of Yale College, principally in the way of an account of its successive presidents. The Chancellor did justice to the characters of the distinguished men whom he was thus led to recal,—to Clap, Stiles, Dwight, and their less renowned but worthy associates in the presidentship of the college. A great deal of matter, equally instructive and entertaining, was embodied in this survey, and presented in the peculiarly chaste and unaffected style of Chancellor Kent. He occasionally allowed himself to be drawn out into digressive remarks, suggested by the subject; among which, those in defence of classical learning were especially well weighed and pertinent. The whole address was peculiarly seasonable in reference to the attempt making by the associated alumni of the college, to effect a large subscription in aid of its funds. The success of this effort must, of course, greatly depend on the warmth and concentration of the college feeling of the sons of Yale; and this feeling could not but be strengthened and stimulated by this happy survey of the origin and progress of the college, and of the characters of some of its great luminaries. Accordingly, at a meeting of the alumni, which was held in the evening, to concert measures for the promotion of this object, a gratifying display was made by several gentlemen—sons of Yale—who addressed the meeting, of the most affectionate and dutiful attachment to their intellectual parent. The Chancellor himself presided at this meeting, as president, we believe, of the associated alumni. President Day made an interesting *expose* of the affairs of the college, from which it appeared, that its whole disposable fund did not yield an income much exceeding two thousand dollars per annum. All the rest of the expenditure is met by the tuition fees. It is hard to say, whether such a state of things does more credit to the personal characters and professional exertions of the faculty, by which, during a long course of years, the college has, on so insecure a foundation, maintained its respectability; or, discredit to the state of Connecticut, and the wealthy individuals who ought to have endowed it. It was stated by President Day, that, more than once, the institution, in consequence of its financial condition, had been in a state of peril; and it was further added, if we mistake not, that seven thousand dollars, the part of a bank *bonus*, was all that could be hoped from the state. Now what has Connecticut, what can she have or hope in the world, so honourable to her, or even so profitable, as Yale College? The possession of such an institution is more creditable to her, than if she had given to the United States every president that ever filled the chair; and, if she allows it to suffer for want of patronage, it will be an ineffaceable blot on her annals. If a handsome sum were annually granted to the college—as the high school of the commonwealth—out of the school fund, it would do more good than all the rest of the fund put together. Several very interesting addresses were made at the meeting of the alumni; and among them, the glowing and affectionate appeal of Mr. L. C. Duncan, of New Orleans, commanded the sympathy of all who heard him. The intention of the society is to raise one hundred thousand dollars, on easy terms of subscription; and, of this liberal sum, a third part, we believe, is already subscribed. We heard, with equal admiration and pain, that very large sums had been subscribed towards this fund, by President Day, Professor Silliman, and other members of the faculty. This ought not so to be. Those gentlemen do all their duty to the college and the public, by the assiduous and faithful discharge of their official trust. They ought not, out of their frugal salaries, to be allowed to tax themselves to aid its finances. We are sure, the wealthy sons of Yale will not allow these subscriptions to take effect in any other way than that of creating a new title to the gratitude of the friends of the college, in behalf of these excellent and eminent men

The next day, (Sept. 14) we attended commencement. The assembly was held in a very large church—capable of accommodating nearly twice as many as the church at Cambridge—and crowded to excess. The greater part of the exercises manifested good studies, maturity of thought, and manliness of character. The elocution was throughout good, frequently excellent; and, in fact, if we may be permitted to judge from this Commencement, and the last at Cambridge, the ancient *tone* is banished from our colleges. Would that the prompter, that evil genius, which at Yale, as well as Harvard, still haunts our academic exhibitions, could be banished also! Among the exercises, were some, which, though admirably composed, and spoken with much effect, and to the great satisfaction of the audience, were of a character which will disappear, probably before long, from the collegiate stage. We refer to the colloquy and dialogue—dramatic satires on contemporary topics. These, as we have observed, were exceedingly well done, and were, probably, to most of the audience, the most attractive part of the performances. At any rate, we did not observe that the hearty expressions of pleasure, which they drew forth, proceeded exclusively from the young of either sex. Even the dignity of the stage, where the learning and gravity of the corporation and faculty were arrayed, furnished no defence against the contagious merriment excited by these exercises. And perhaps, these very circumstances may furnish a ground for discontinuing such leveling performances. It would bear a question, whether an academic dignitary ought to be put to laughter, by any thing less exercuciating than a Latin pun. 'Veiled in the decent obscurity of a learned language,' we tolerate, at Cambridge, a little pleasantry in the valedictory orator; but the cloisters of a college ought to afford an asylum from profane vernacular wit.

The exercises were divided into two portions, one of which was performed in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon. The ceremonial of conferring the degrees is the same which has descended to our colleges, from the academic institutions of Great-Britain, and which is, we believe, discontinued or modified in that country, and might be,—(as on former occasions, we have observed, in reference to the same ceremony at Cambridge,)—reformed with advantage in this. A short Latin form, describing correctly the nature of the occasion, as the termination of the college course, ought to be substituted for that which is now in use, which has no foundation in the laws or customs of our community. On the present occasion at Yale, a very large class received the honours of the institution, whose graduates have for some time been considerably more numerous than those of any other of our colleges. From the tone and sentiments expressed by many of the performers, it might safely be inferred that they departed from the walls of the college with feelings of respect and gratitude. Numerous expressions of kind feeling towards their instructors gave to the audience the pleasing assurance that the faculty had succeeded in the most difficult part of their honourable vocation that of retaining the affections of the students. The ceremony of the valedictory address, as performed at New Haven, is singularly beautiful and touching. The gallery of the church was cleared for the graduating class; and when the orator reached the part of his performance appropriated to the valedictory address, the whole class rose.

Upon the whole, the exercises were, in the highest degree, gratifying; and the assembly in the Cabinet of Minerals, at noon, during the recess, exhibited a scene of mutual congratulation, among the children and friends of the college, and strangers attracted by the occasion, of the most exhilarating character. It was impossible not to take an honest pride, as a New Englander, in witnessing the prosperous condition of so noble an institution. How grateful ought we not to be to our pious ancestors, who, amidst the incredible hardships that surrounded them, turned their thoughts to these establishments, which have proved the sources of benefits to their posterity, beyond what Providence granted to them! How imperative is the obligation on us, to go along with the progress of improvement, and to take care, in our day and generation, that these permanent institutions should faithfully represent the advancing state of science, that our children may be better taught (as they ought to be in a period when learning is progressive) than their fathers.

New Haven is one of the most beautiful towns in the United States. It is laid out on a regular plan, with streets at right angles to each other. The college buildings are erected on one side of the square, which is divided by a street running through it. In the portion of the square nearest the college, are several churches, and the state-house. The latter has been lately constructed, on a Grecian plan, and in very good taste. The lower half of the square is without buildings. The whole is surrounded by houses of sightly appearance, and some of them, such as would be thought among the finest in our large cities. The streets are not paved, and the porous quality of the soil enables the inhabitants to enjoy the luxury of an unpaved street, without the inconvenience of mud in wet weather. The appearance of the environs of New Haven is in keeping with the neatness and elegance of the city, and presents a succession of prospects, on either side, of uncommon beauty.

It would be wrong not to mention, in connection with the college, the institution for popular instruction, lately founded by the liberality of a single individual—a mechanic of the place. This gentleman has appropriated a part of the property acquired by laborious and honest industry, in erecting an establishment for scientific and popular instruction. It comprises a lecture-room of fine dimensions, a chemical laboratory, a mineralogical cabinet, and a collection of shells, scientifically arranged. The establishments will be extended and enlarged with the success of the institution. It is placed under the care of Mr. Shephard, as curator—a gentleman who has been connected with the college, as an assistant lecturer to Prof. Silliman. Mr. Brewster, the liberal and enterprising proprietor, looks to the fees of those who shall attend the courses, for the support of the institution, and his own reimbursement. We cannot doubt that the experiment, so judiciously planned, and commenced under such favourable auspices, will, in the midst of a population like that of New Haven, be crowned with entire success. It is worthy of all praise, as an example to others. In what possible way can any person appropriate a few thousand dollars, with equal hope of doing good to the present generations, and those that shall come after?

Let no one leave New Haven without going to see Jephthah and his Daughter—a group nearly completed in marble, by Mr. Augur, a native and self-taught artist. This extraordinary person, if we have been rightly informed, has passed the earlier years of his life in occupations the most humble, and least congenial to the cultivation of the taste and talent which he has shown himself to possess. He has executed, we believe, little else than a Sappho—a copy of the head of the Apollo Belvidere—and the present group, which is not yet quite finished. The female figure is complete, and in the highest degree beautiful. The attitude is well conceived; the expression of surprise and affectionate disappointment at her father's averted looks, is admirable. The drapery is finely disposed and wrought. The father, we thought not quite equal to the daughter, though still treated in a masterly style. We were told that this extraordinary artist works without model, or even drawing, transferring his conceptions directly from his mind to the marble. We trust he may be persuaded to adopt a less adventurous method. It is not the object of any artist to work miracles: and truly miraculous as it seems to be, that a group, like this, should be wrought without a model, yet, in his further studies and efforts, we trust Mr. Augur will be convinced, that he, like every other man, however gifted, may do more with means, than without.

Mr. Augur cannot be unwilling to employ those aids which were made use of in the same noble art, by Canova, Michael Angelo, and Phidias; and without which, though he may produce a few works which will astonish and gratify the public, he can scarcely make a sure and rapid progress to the heights of his profession. Should he have the opportunity of forming himself at Rome, under the eye of the distinguished living artists there collected, and in the presence of the departed masters of the art, of ancient and modern days, who teach in their immortal works, there is scarce any eminence in sculpture which he may not fairly hope to reach.

The new Grave-Yard in New Haven is visited by every stranger. It wants nothing but trees to make it a delightful spot. There are the monuments to some of the distinguished presidents of the college. Gen. Humphreys epitaph declares the obligations under which he laid the country, '*vellere vere aureo*,' which he introduced from Spain. But Whitney's monument perpetuates the name of a still greater benefactor. His simple name would have been epitaph enough, with the addition, perhaps, of the 'inventor of the cotton gin.' How few of the incriptions in Westminster Abbey could be compared with that! Who is there that, like him, has given his country a machine—the product of his own skill—which has furnished a large portion of its population, 'from childhood to age with a lucrative employment; by which their debts have been paid off—their capitals increased—*their lands trebled in value!** It may be said, indeed, that this belongs to the physical and material nature of man, and ought not to be compared with what has been done by the intellectual benefactors of mankind,—the Miltons, the Shakspeares, and the Newtons. But is it quite certain, that any thing short of the highest intellectual vigor—the brightest genius—is sufficient to invent one of these extraordinary machines? Place a common mind before an oration of Cicero, and a steam engine, and it will despair of rivalling the latter as much as the former; and we can by no means be persuaded, that the peculiar aptitude for combining and applying the simple powers of mechanics, so as to produce these marvellous operations, does not imply a vivacity of the imagination, not inferior to that of the poet and the orator. And then, as to the effect on society: the machine, it is true, operates, in the first instance, on mere physical elements, to produce an accumulation and distribution of property. But do not all the arts of civilization follow in the train? And has not he who has trebled the value of land, created capital, rescued the population from the necessity of emigrating, and covered a waste with plenty—has not he done a service to the country, of the highest moral and intellectual character? Prosperity is the parent of civilization, and all its refinements; and every family of prosperous citizens added to the community, is an addition of so many thinking, inventing, moral, and immortal natures."

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* The words of Mr. Justice Johnson, of S. Carolina, in the opinion in the case of Whitney *vs.* Carter.

COBBETT'S QUALIFICATIONS AS AN ADVISER.

Mr. C. in the introduction to his "Advice to Young Men," &c.—thus speaks of his own qualifications for the duty he takes upon himself.

"To communicate to others the knowledge that I possess has always been my taste and my delight and few, who know any-thing of my progress through life, will be disposed to question my fitness for the task. Talk of rocks and breakers and quagmires and quick-sands, who has ever escaped from amidst so many as I have! Thrown (by my own will, indeed) on the wide world at a very early age, not more than eleven or twelve years, without money to support, without friends to advise, and without book-learning to assist me; passing a few years dependent solely on my own labour for my subsistence; then becoming a common soldier and leading a military life, chiefly in foreign parts, for eight years; quitting that life after really, for me, high promotion, and with for me, a large sum of money; marrying at an early age, going at once to France to acquire the French language, thence to America; passing eight years there, becoming bookseller and author, and taking a prominent part in all the important discussions of the interesting period from 1793 to 1799, during which there was, in that country, a continued struggle carried on between the English and the French parties; conducting myself, in the ever-active part which I took in that struggle, in such a way as to call forth marks of unequivocal approbation from the government at home; returning to England in 1800, resuming my labours here, suffering, during these twenty-nine years, two years of imprisonment, heavy fines, three years self-banishment to the other side of the Atlantic, and a total breaking of fortune, so as to be left without a bed to lie on, and, during these twenty-nine years of troubles and of punishments, writing and publishing, every week of my life, whether in exile or not, eleven weeks only excepted, a periodical paper, containing more or less of matter worthy of public attention, writing and publishing, during *the same twenty-nine years*, a grammar of the French and another of the English language, a work on the Economy, of the Cottage, a work on Forest Trees and Woodlands, a work on Gardening, an account of America, a book of Sermons, a work on the Corn-plant, a history of the Protestant Reformation; all books of great and continued sale, and the *last* unquestionably the book of greatest circulation in the whole world, the Bible only excepted; having, during *these same twenty-nine years*, of troubles and embarrassments without number, introduced into England the manufacture of Strawplat; also several valuable trees; having introduced, during *the same twenty-nine years*, the cultivation of the Corn-plant so manifestly valuable as a source of food; having, during the same period, always (whether in exile or not) sustained a shop of some size, in London; having, during the whole of the same period, never employed less, on an average, than ten persons, in some capacity or other, exclusive of printers, bookbinders, and others, connected with papers and books; and having, during these twenty-nine years of troubles, embarrassments, prisons, fines, and banishments, bred up a family of seven children to man's and woman's state.

If such a man be not, after he has survived and accomplished all this, qualified to give Advice to Young Men, no man is qualified for that task. There may have been natural *genius*: but genius *alone*, not all the genius in the world, could, without *something more*, have conducted me through these perils. During these twenty-nine years, I have had for deadly and ever watchful foes, a government that has the collecting and distributing of sixty millions of pounds in a year, and also, every soul who shares in that distribution. Until very lately, I have had, for the far greater part of the time, the whole of the press as my deadly enemy. Yet, at this moment, it will not be pretended, that there is another man in the kingdom who has so many cordial friends. For as to the *friends* of *ministers* and the *great*, the friendship is towards the *power*, the *influence*; it is, in fact, towards *those taxes*, of which so many thousands are gaping to get a share. And, if we could, through so thick a veil, come at the naked fact, we should find the subscription, now going on in Dublin for the purpose of erecting a monument in that city, to commemorate the good recently done, or alleged to be done, to Ireland, by the Duke of Wellington; we should find, that the subscribers have *the taxes* in view; and that, if the monument should actually be raised, it ought to have *selfishness*, and not *gratitude*, engraven on its base. Nearly the same may be said with regard to all the praises that we hear bestowed on men in power. The friendship which is felt towards me, is pure and disinterested: it is not founded in any hope, that the parties can have, that they can ever *profit*, from professing it: it is founded on the *gratitude* which they entertain for the good that I *have done* them: and of this sort of frendship, and friendship so cordial, no man ever possessed a larger portion."

From the Village Record.

"BEN-TE-VI"—I SEE YOU.

"Another familiar and cheerful bird was the Ben-te-vi, so called from the perfect accuracy with which he prounced these words. He is about the size of a sparrow, and distinguished by a circle of white round his head, with a yellow belly. Whenever we passed, he put his head out of the bush, and peeping at us from under the leaves, he said, 'ben te vi—oh, I saw you!' with an arch expression, as if he had observed something which he could tell if he pleased."

Messrs. Editors,—I often amuse myself by whiling away an hour in the West Chester Athenæum. It is like a garden to a bee; as he flies from flower to flower—from the tulip to the honey suckle—from the rose to the Amaranth—so the eye may wander in this intellectual parterre—now light upon a political essay—stray to a rare poem of Mrs. Sigourney or Mrs. Hemans, or rest on some of the finest literary productions of the British press—gathering pleasure here, and instruction there, for the hive of the mind. The other morning, embracing an hour of pleasure, I took the opportunity to examine the last number of the Museum of Foreign Literature, when the Notes on Brazil, by Dr. Walsh, a recent English visiter to that region attracted my attention, and afforded me a great deal of pleasure. It is not my present purpose to extract those passages which pleased me, though I have marked several as not unworthy of your attention, but to draw out a hint that occurred to me on reading an account of some of the Birds of Brazil. The simple paragraph that heads this essay, arrested my attention in an unusual manner. I found my tongue, half a dozen times, involuntarily repeating *ben-te-vi*: which, by a slight emendation of the translation, for obvious reasons, I have put in the present tense—"*I see you*," instead of the past, "I *saw* you.' Methought I saw the tiny speaker, like a feathered spirit from a better world, look out from every bush and say—I SEE YOU. And I could not help thinking, it we all had such a monitor in the breast, to speak in a moment of temptation and danger, "BEN-TE-VI—I SEE YOU," what a powerful influence it might have upon our lives and conduct!

Even the lover, whom business or pleasure should call to roam far from the mistress of his plighted vows, beneath the miniature that rests upon his heart, might well engrave the motto

Ben-te-vi, to cause him to shun the devious paths of an alluring world with more cautious step.

How often would the secret hand of fraud or injustice be stayed, could the voice of that little bird speak to the ear—BEN TE VI. At that sound the uplifted dagger of the assassin would fall—the levelled tube of the murderer shake in the unsteady grasp—the knees of the robber tremble, and the nerves of the voluptuary relax into impotence.

An enlightened conscience may be regarded as the BEN-TE-VI of the soul. How anxiously should it be cherished! I am persuaded that a clear and firm conviction of the omnipresence of the Deity, that the ALL SEEING EYE is constantly upon us, is one of the most important points of instruction to be impressed upon the minds of youth, as a safeguard from temptation. When this doctrine is firmly believed, it must require the hardihood of a demon, to commit deliberate crime. That article of faith may well, I think, be called the BEN-TE-VI—the unsleeping [illegible] to the Christian.

On my return home, mentioning the Ben-te-vi to a young lady of my acquaintance, she was pleased at my request, to give the thoughts it suggested, in the following stanzas, which I [illegible] the favor to publish; and in candor, I am constrained to say, I think her verses better than my prose.

As in Brazil's proud woods you rove,
And seek for shelter in the shady grove—
As from the glare of burning day you fly,
A soft sweet sound you hear of *Ben te vi*.

Surprised, you stop—perchance a nervous start—
That instant [illegible] vibrates to the heart;
As the light image strikes the searching eye,
And the clear voice again, cries—*Ben-te-vi*.

What wonder if to your admiring gaze
It recalls a form well known in happier days—
Sent from the world you love with jealous sigh,
To watch your wanderings, and cry—*Ben-te-vi*.

While in the deep recess of forest shade
Some Christian pilgrim low has bent and prayed
Soaring from earth he lifts his thoughts on high
And hark! he hears a voice say—*Ben-te-vi*.

It falls like heavenly music on his ear—
There seems a bright aerial watcher near—
And the dear thought of guardian angels nigh,
Shall cheer him still when he hears—*Ben-te-vi*.

NOTE.—The pronunciation of the words BEN-TE-VI, would be [illegible].

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

THIRD VOLUME.

In this age of uncertainty in the life of periodicals—when a newspaper or magazine is supposed to do wonders, if it outlive its first year—we have reason to be thankful that ours has survived the second. With the present number it enters on its third, in good health, in excellent spirits, increasing in strength, and looking forward with reasonable hope to many prosperous days.

Few or no periodicals come into the world full grown, like Minerva from the brain of Jove. They must have their period of infancy—their weak and trembling steps—when they scarcely know whether they shall stand or fall—and when the least adverse wind may blow them over. If the infancy of ours has not been that of the most sturdy brat, we hope at least it has been a good-natured one; and that if a few extra-grave and sober people have been a little annoyed with its laughter, nobody has ever been kept awake by its crying.

For ourselves, we rather belong to the school of Democritus, than that of Heraclitus. We deem it better for the health and better for the happiness of mankind to laugh than to weep. Laughter may indeed sometimes occasion a sharp stitch in the side; but this is usually temporary, and far less pernicious than the wasting effect of melancholy and tears. Give us Comedy, say we, with her smiling face; but send moping Tragedy to the —— shades below. Laughter makes a man fat on the ribs, and comfortable all over: *ergo*, he is a benefactor to his species who furnishes them with that whereon to laugh.

Who deserves best of his fellow-creatures? He who makes the greatest number happy. Who makes the greatest number happy? He who makes the most people laugh. Who makes the most people laugh? "Old Barnes," says a plump little fellow who is impertinently peering over our shoulder. Very well, we reply—then Old Barnes deserves best of his fellow-creatures; and we beg, that when he goes off (may it be a thousand years first), he may go with one of his most comic faces—and that ere the expression be cold, his mortal body may be embalmed for the benefit of his survivors.

But, to return from this digression—if any one thing more than another has contributed to the growth, the strength, and the present comfortable condition of our paper, it is the imperturbable good-nature with which we are editorially blest. Not that we would invite aggression, or suffer it. No, by—John Faustus! we might, if driven thereto, act like the conscientious Quaker, who, when his ship was attacked by a privateer, would not fight, but merely threw the assailants overboard. But a peaceable man is seldom attacked—wherefore, though the corps editorial have, many of them, said shocking hard things of one another and come within a T of tearing out one another's I's, they have been exceedingly kind and courteous to us-ward. We thank them for it—but ascribe it all to ourselves.

One word more in regard to laughing, and the food for it. A very grave citizen that we wot of—who never smiles except when he has made a good bargain—insists upon it that laughter is a great sin—a monstrous great sin; that poor human nature never was made for aught except austere looks, querulousness, sighing, and tears; and that those who laugh here will inevitably cry —— some where else. He reproves our lightness; and, though he never looks in our paper, asks for something more solid. In reply, we declare that we too are friends to solidity—to solid argument—to solid beef and pudding, and solid laughter by way of gravy or sauce.

But if by solidity is meant a disposition to sermonize, we would inform our worthy citizen that we too occasionally make a sermon, founded on a legitimate text, and wrought up with as much zeal as becometh a lay preacher, who is not bent upon making proselytes—not so doctrinal indeed as is sometimes heard from the pulpit—but exceedingly practical and practicable—full of good and comfortable rules for the guidance of life—teaching honesty, philanthropy, neighborly love, and all charitableness.

To conclude—we will not, as the manner of some is, boast how many thousand subscribers we have—the practice is invidious. Besides, if we should say that we have forty thousand, it would be a monstrous lie, and nobody would believe it. If on the other hand we should say, that we have only one thousand, that again would be a whopper: wherefore we will merely state that we have not so many as to wish for less, nor so few as to sit repining for the want of more—but will do our honest endeavor to get as many as we can, and will thank every good man to subscribe.

GRAND BURLESQUE PARADE.

Say, will the laws of arms allow
I should have grace and quarter now?

HUDIBRAS.

On Monday last the "*Royal Fantastical Army*" turned out for inspection and review. Never was such a quizzical set of beings seen before on the face of the earth. Falstaff's ragged regiment and Hogarth's March to Finchley Common deserve not to be mentioned in the same day. We understand it was forbidden and made strictly penal for any two to dress alike; and if such was the fact, we are sure none incurred the penalty by disobeying the order. Invention must have been busily at work to produce such a variety. "There was not," said a spectator, "a *single* Dromio among the whole squad"—meaning that there were no two persons who could be mistaken for one another.

One soldier was clad in buff small-clothes and brass top boots; another had the two legs of his inexpressibles of different colors; while a third was blue in front, red in the rear, green on the right flank, and yellow on the left. One was dressed a la Turcque, and another a la Grecque. One had on a whole coat, another a half one, and a third wore a spencer. One fellow had on a pair of fine chintz leg-of-mutton sleeves, made in the amplest style of the present female fashion. Another, like Paddy from cork, wore his coat buttoned behind; while another, like the Duke of Austria, hung a lion's skin, a calf-skin, or some other skin, on his back.

The head-dresses altogether exceeded any one man's stretch of fancy. We saw one officer with a huge pasteboard chapeau, nearly four feet across, and indicating by a label on its broad sides that its wearer was no less a personage than *The Lion of the West*. Another officer mounted a feather seven feet high, and on his hat were the triumphant words—*We look down all opposition*. One hat, the brim of which covered the wearer's shoulders, and the crown whereof shot up into the air a full yard, was covered all over, like the person of the renowned McFingal, with tar and feathers. The head of one fellow was enveloped in a band-box; another wore a pumpkin scooped out for a cap, and surmounted by a carrot with the top on by way of plume; while a third, probably a lineal descendant of Don Quixotte—had his helmet decorated with a wind-mill—which, as it was made to veer with the wind, and as there was a fine breeze that day, kept continually whirling. But among the most original coverings for the head was a cap, feather and all, manufactured from flour, and baked after the manner of the staff of life. This was no bad invention, for in case of necessity a man might manage to subsist two or three days upon his cap.

The variety in the whiskers and mustachios of the fantastical soldiery was endless; and one would suppose that not only barbers, but hostlers, furriers, trappers and butchers had been employed in the decorations. There were foxes' tails, horses' manes, and hogs' bristles, in close connexion with human faces. One had his whiskers made of a wisp of hay; another, of a tuft of grass; and a third, of a handful of roots. Nor were the decorations of the neck, the chin and the breast less various and elegant—among which we will barely mention a leathern shirt collar, a bass-wood dicky, and a sheet-iron cravat.

An officer of one of the companies carried an enormous hump on his back, inscribed with the modest name of *Bunker Hill*. A fellow, six feet five, in a scarlet cloak, was labelled with, *Little Red Ridinghood*. One brave soldier wore the picture of a heart attached to his pantaloons *a posteriori*—signifying that the heart is very apt to be found there in time of danger.

In the matter of arms and equipments, every one of course consulted his own taste. Some had wooden guns, and some the usual mixture of wood, iron, steel, flint, and the like. Some had guns without locks; some had barrels without stocks; and some had stocks without locks or barrels. One soldier carried a fire-lock seven feet long, eked out with a bayonet of three feet, on which was stuck a pound loaf by way of rations. One fellow, doubtless a kinsman of Neptune, bore a trident. Another was armed with a battle axe; a second with a pontoon; a third with a cleaver; a fourth with the implements of a Sweep ho! and so on, and so forth.

The prudence as well as the *taste* of the soldiers was in several instances displayed in their equipments, and likewise in their armor of defence; their cartridge-boxes being no other than a large loaf of bread, which when the ammunition was used up, might serve its legitimate purpose of food; and their breast-plates, back-plates, side-plates, and shields, being simply a dried codfish, were ready, after having protected the outer man, to allay the cravings of the inner one.

We saw but one man whose armor was of metal—the breast of his coat being completely covered with pewter buttons. But the reason of this singular caution was plain; for on looking at his label, he was found to bear the odious name of *Don Miguel*.

The standards were a great curiosity; and several of them exhibited most excellent satire in the paintings, and the mottoes. The crowd was so great that it was most difficult getting a near view. But there was one—belonging to the *Second Ward Invincibles*—which we were able to peruse. It bore the figure of a man in regimentals, mounted on an ass, whose bones presented as many sharp corners as those of Rosinante; while the rider rather resembled Sir Hudibras than Don Quixotte. He had an enormous pair of military boots, armed at the heel with spurs of corresponding magnitude; while his stirrups were so short as nearly to bring his knees in contact with his chin. The donkey, besides bearing the gallant officer, carried a large money-bag, holding the strings between his teeth. On the bag was written—*Twenty thousand Militia Fines, robbed from the poor!*—By exhibiting the animal with the money in his mouth, it was probably intended to signify that asses—official ones—eat up all the fines, and that none of the money thus collected ever finds its way into the general treasury. On the upper corners of the standard were written—*Soldiers in Peace, Citizens in War!*—While beneath the figure of the officer were the following words—*I am* MOUNT-*ed*—a self-evident truth—but some persons were malicious enough to affirm, that the first syllable of the word mount-ed, actually spelt the name of a worthy colonel of militia.

Another standard exhibited a court-martial, the president of which, judging from his countenance, appeared to have thriven well on the oyster-suppers and champagne, paid for out of the militia-fines. A number of delinquents were before him, and he was demanding with a stern air—*What is your excuse?* One man pled exemption on account of holding some important civil office; another—a man in black—was exempted from military duty by reason of the sacredness of his cloth; and others pled exemption for various reasons provided for by law; when at last a man, in ordinary attire, being asked the usual question, replied that he was a poor man and had no excuse—wherefore he was immediately sentenced to pay for all the rest.

About midday there appeared before the army a very mysterious person, to whom a silver sword, big enough for the giants of old, was publicly presented. He rode an elegant charger, supposed to be a lineal descendant of Bucephalus; his spurs were of gold and nearly a yard long; and he wore an artificial nose to protect his natural one. He was expected to deliver an address before the Fantastical Army at the close of the military exercises; but declining to comply with the request of that body—to take off his nose—they refused to hear him. Of this extraordinary personage nothing seems to be positively known, except that he was called NAPOLEON THE REFORMER. Whence he came, whither he went and who he could possibly be, no one knew. There were indeed a world of conjectures as to his identity: some thought he was the Duke of Reichstadt; others, that he was Skrzynecki; and others again, that he was the Duke of Wellington himself, come to acquire fresh laurels in the Royal Fantastical Army. But since he declined taking off his nose, there is little probability that the mystery will ever be solved.

It would be out of our power to do justice in all its particulars to the parade of Monday. It beggars description. Besides, a hundred thousand spectators, all pushing for a sight, gave us little opportunity for minute examination. We have never seen public curiosity so much excited; and have never witnessed so great a crowd in the streets, at the windows, on the house-tops, and in the branches of trees. The officers of the regular militia must have been ready to burst with envy at the sight. The few spectators, usually attracted by them, were but as a drop in the bucket to these. Their regimentals can no more attract the ladies—the Fantasticals have carried the day. Not only were they viewed by thousands and ten thousands of well-dressed males in the streets; but the windows, the balconies, the piazzas, and the steps of the houses, wherever the army moved, were crowded with the gay and charming fair.

There was perfect order in the ranks; no greater accidents happened than frequently occur at the regular musters; no man was blown sky high by the bursting of a gun; and the exercises altogether passed off with wonderful eclat. Much good-nature and satisfaction prevailed in the crowd; and we scarcely met with a single person who was not disposed to cheer and welcome this effort to ridicule and bring into disrepute one of the most burdensome and odious systems with which any country was ever afflicted.

DIALOGUE ON DUELLING.

F. Were any man to call me a liar, a scoundrel, or a fool, by heavens, I'd challenge him.

W. And so prove your title to at least one of the opprobrious epithets.

F. How, sir! do *you* call me a *fool?*

W. By no means. How could I be so rash as to think of it, when you have just declared you would challenge me?

F. That I would, in less than the snapping of a pistol.

W. And if you should, where would be the advantage?

F. Why, I would kill you of course.

W. But suppose I would not fight?

F. Then I would post you for a liar and a coward.

W. That probably would not hurt me, and certainly would not benefit you. Your posting me would not prove you any the less a fool; the original charge, if it had any force, would remain the same though you were to post me a thousand times.

F. It would be some satisfaction at least to stigmatize you.

W. But suppose I should accept your challenge and kill you?

F. Why, then my honor would be satisfied.

W. But the charge of fool would still cling to your memory; and those who once had charity enough to believe you possessed some little sense, would be thoroughly convinced by the last act of your life that you were a fool. They would say—"Here lies that fellow, F, who, in order to convince people that he was not a fool, "died as a fool dieth."

F. Do you mean to insinuate that I am a fool?

W. Certainly not. I know you would challenge me; and I have not the least desire to be killed just now; nor do I feel bloody-minded enough to wish to kill you or any other man. But suppose I should call you a fool, and being challenged, I should be fool enough to fight, and you should kill me, what advantage would you gain?

F. I should wipe out the stigma of being called a fool.

W. How so? You would not prove yourself any the less a fool by having stood up to be shot at, though you should chance to escape death. The original charge would still remain with the same force as formerly.

F. But I should gratify my revenge, and that would be some comfort.

W. That is on the supposition you killed *me*; but if I killed *you*, then, friend F, you would say nothing about the gratification. The truth is, your whole plea of wiping out a stigma, whether it be of fool, liar, scoundrel, or what not, has no foundation in reason or sound argument; because the challenging, the killing, the posting, or whatever may be the result, leaves the original question, whether the offensive charge be true or false, precisely where it was before the challenge. A fool may call out a wise man; a liar, a man of truth; a scoundrel, an honest man, &c. The mere circumstance of challenging or fighting, does not place the challenger on higher ground, or alter his relative position for the better.

F. What would you have a man do, then, when he is insulted or slandered?

W. Do! Why, if he is an honest man and a good citizen, continue so by faithfully observing the laws and fulfilling all his duties as a worthy member of society. On the contrary, if he is a bad man, the best thing he can do is to set about amendment; and instead of killing his adversary, be careful to give him no farther cause to speak evil of him.

F. And so let the stigma remain upon his own character!

W. Let him do as I have mentioned, and he will soonest get rid of the stigma. An honest and true man is like pure gold; a tarnish cannot adhere to him. The harder he is rubbed the brighter he shines.

George W. Lee, a gentleman of this city implicated in Mr. Anderson's statement, the substance of which we published last week, has come out with a reply, denying that statement *in toto*. The public must doubtless be tired of this subject, as we are; but having given Mr. Anderson's account of the matter, impartiality obliges us to offer Mr. Lee's in answer:—

The conduct of Mr. Anderson, during a great part of the passage, was exceedingly coarse, and frequently annoying to the other passengers. He messed with the sailors, played cards with them in the forecastle, treated them and drank and fought with them.

It was from his interference with the sailors, as I understand, that the difficulty between him and the mate originated. Mr. Anderson's account of his principal fight, is entirely fabulous. I saw the greater part of it, and the parties seemed very equally matched; the mate and steward on one side, and Anderson, his friend Bury and servant Peter, on the other. After the interference of the Captain had restored peace, Anderson attempted to get away from the Captain to renew the battle, but was withheld.

The mate was severely wounded in the affray, and was often afterwards threatened with A's dire revenge. I have detailed these particulars in justice to Capt. Graham, who is now absent, and whose conduct during the passage was approved, by a certificate in writing, presented to him, and signed by all the passengers except Anderson and Bury.

I am charged with insulting *Mrs. Anderson*. Unless neglect to shew her the attentions, which virtuous women claim, be a crime, I am entirely innocent. Being aware of the notoriety she had obtained, I kept aloof, and never had any intercourse with her, except such as common politeness rendered indispensable. I never treated her with disrespect, indelicacy or attention. The affair of the book was simply this—She sent to one of the passengers for a book, which happened to be in my hand at the time he directed the servant to me, and I let him take it. I never addressed her personally in relation to "her husband" although it was my opinion and I might have so expressed it, that the conduct of Anderson was such that the Captain ought to have confined him. The other passengers viewed him in the same light, and expressed themselves in the same manner. The ladies were very much alarmed by Anderson's outrageous and abusive conduct, especially by his loading his pistols in the cabin, flashing them to "see if they were sure fire" and parading up and down, threatening to shoot "any d——d Yankee that came in his way." He abused the cooks, the fare, and the Ship as American, saying of the latter, that she was a "d——d Yankee Ship, and could not sail;" and calling the Americans a race of d——d *Mongrels*, &c. And when some of the passengers intimated that his abuse of the American character might cause him to be hissed by an American Audience, he replied, "I ask no favors of the G-d d——d Yankees. They hiss me off the stage? I'll have people in the Theatre to take them by their d——d noses, and sling them out."

I have never rewarded the Mate nor have I seen him, or any of the crew, since the vessel arrived. And being much occupied with business, I took no interest in the announcement of Mr. Anderson, and did not even know he was to play, until after the Theatre opened, the first night he appeared.

I attended and joined in the general hiss, with which he was received, and was not a little surprised that the knowledge of his abuse had spread so widely. At the Theatre I accidently met one of our fellow passengers who remarked that "Anderson richly deserved the treatment he had received." I did not attend the second night of his appearance or procure tickets for others, and soon afterwards left the city."

The above is supported by the affidavits of two other passengers—namely, John James of this city, and John Henley of Dublin.

The public have now the two statements before them; and they are at liberty to believe which they please, or neither. But we beg leave to suggest here, that the very best mode of treating an actor, whom they dislike, is, not to go near him.

Benefit of the Springs. A lady brought a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if he did not think the Springs would be useful?

"Certainly, madam," replied the doctor, as he eyed the child, and then took a large pinch of snuff. "I havn't the least hesitation in recommending the springs—and the sooner you apply the remedy, the better."

"You really think it would be good for the dear little thing, don't you?"

"Upon my word it's the best remedy I know of."

"What Springs would you recommend, Doctor?"

"Any will do, madam, where you can get plenty of *soap and water*."

JOURNAL OF A SAILOR NO. 10.

HOSPITALITY.

The hospitality of the Chilenos, is different from any thing else in the world. We boast of our hospitality because no one need die of hunger in the high way—and fashion has instituted a kind of bastard hospitality among equals. But in Chile it is altogether another affair. You are frequently told by a gentleman, "my house is your home whenever you choose to make it so, my horses, my servants, in fine, every thing is at your command."

This is not an unmeaning compliment, as in other parts of the world. It is all intended, and however awkwardly a stranger may feel in taking what may be deemed elsewhere an almost unreasonable liberty—however explicitly tendered—he must learn to accept as a thing of course. A Chileno would consider a refusal not only as extremely impolite, but as an implied insult to himself.

Captain R—— had a house at St. Jago de Chile furnished in the most sumptuous style, with all the attendants, retainers and equipage of a gentleman of the first rank. The owner of this mansion resided at the time in Lima, and said on Capt. R's leaving there, "as you are going to St. Jago remember I have a house ready furnished there. It is yours."

It is not among the great and wealthy alone that this generous spirit prevails. It pervades the country; and go where you will the stranger finds the seat of honor for his share. This enters into every day's manners. "Come and sit by me," will a Chilean lady say as you enter the room; while her fine face beaming with pleasure plainly informs one of the candour which dictates the request.

Now this is only done with us among the most intimate friends. Yet is it the perfection of hospitality and true politeness; and so far from seeming strange, after a short acquaintance, you only consider it as a part of the code of politeness. Nor is it less valued on that account, because we know that it arises from a wish to please the guest. The Chilenos are fond of receiving presents: but it is only for their intrinsic value. They are evidences of friendship, and as such they place a high value upon them.

In closing this dull letter, suffer me, my friend, to give you a brief anecdote, which will suffice in some measure to exemplify the great desire the Chilenos entertain to please those who are thrown upon their hospitality. I had been frequently invited to dine with the family of C——'s, and as frequently declined, because I feared I should displease them by my inability to partake of such food as their generous hospitality would place before me. Whether they discovered this as the true reason for my declining their repeated kind and pressing invitations, I know not;—but as I arose to take my departure one morning, I was again urged to dine with them. The invitation was *backed* with an *unretreatable* reason for accepting, viz. that they were to have an *English dinner*, a roast *turkey*.

Behold me then, on Sunday, sitting at a low deal table not more than two and a half feet in diameter, over which was spread a clean cloth, of the country manufacture, and garnished with six weighty silver objections, y'cleped forks, an equal number of huge silver tumblers, filled with cold water, and a vessel containing a goodly quantity of salt; not a single sharp edged tool was there to be seen, and worse than all there was no cranbury sauce or current jelly, (two indispensable concomitants in a like discussion, as you know.)

Where, ejaculated I inwardly, are the pomp and circumstance attending a like cut and come again in my dear land? Much as my bowels might have groaned for these goodly ingredients attending such a proud display as a roast turkey—much as I might have wished myself to the *Devil* for accepting the invitation—all these things sunk into insignificance, compared to the all absorbing idea of who was to carve the aforesaid bird, which now made its appearance, burned as black as ink, and with his legs and wings unconfined, duly pointing to the four cardinal points.

But my fears were soon removed by the appearance of my hostess, who with the greatest *sang froid* commenced tearing the turkey to pieces. This scene brought to my mind Hilson, in The Sleep Walker, for the lady suited the action to the word and literally tore the bird "limb from limb." Thighs, wings, breast and side bones left their several locations in due season, and what with the *extraneous* particles scattered over the table, and room, told well for this modern turkey dissector. Little was eaten by the family, and less by myself. It was quite a new affair, and did not make a favorable hit on its first appearance.

Even amid this scene of devastation, *true politeness* was not forgotten. "Here," said one of the family (a beautiful girl of seventeen) "here," biting the heart of the turkey in twain and presenting one part on a fork—"take this to Don H——e with my love." Would she had taken the advice of Hamlet to his mother, and thrown away "the worser half."—The part which fell to my share was like many of the draughts in the cup of life—bitter, very bitter.

H. J. W.

Our nautical friend is again most welcome to our columns. The only fault we have to find with him is, that his communications are so unfrequent. We trust he will *overhaul* his journal this winter and give us further extracts from it—we always read them with great pleasure, knowing that they are written from his own personal experience and observation.

(*Editor.*)

The Chanting Cherubs. This interesting group, the work of Mr. Greenough, a native artist, is now exhibiting at the Academy in Barclay-street. To the lovers of the arts, it offers a rich feast, and to every person the contemplation of these statues must afford a real pleasure. Their finely moulded forms—their graceful attitudes—their countenances, so mild, so sweet, and expressive—their every limb so true to nature, cannot but fill the mind of the beholder with a high sense of the skill and genius of the sculptor. As he dwells upon the sight, he will almost fancy that he hears their voices, issuing soft and sweet as far-off music in the night; and he is recalled from his illusion with the same pleasing sensations as fill the mind after listening to such music.

As a people, we are given to complaining that the fine arts are not sufficiently encouraged in this country. This is no doubt all well meant—but would it not be far more consistent and praise-worthy in us, when a work of this kind is presented for exhibition, to give it each his fostering aid by paying the price of an admission to see it, rather than to be indulging in lamentations over the want of taste and patriotism among ourselves? The fine arts require, as well as the other arts, something more solid than mere words to thrive upon—and a fair opportunity is now before the citizens of New-York to determine their sentiments on the subject of patronizing an American Artist.

D.

The Dramatic Works of John Ford: with an Introduction and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. 2 vols. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

The Plays of Ford form the 4th and 5th numbers of the Dramatic Series of Harper's Family Library.—They are of the Shaksperian age; abound in fine poetry, excellent wit, and deep dramatic interest—possessing a brilliancy and a charm, which seem to have been almost peculiar to the age in which he wrote.

Adventures of Caleb Williams. By William Godwin, Esq. 2 vols. New-York: J. & J. Harper. 1831.

A bare annunciation of this work, which has received the test of time and the approbation of taste, should perhaps be sufficient. Those who have read St. Leon, one of the earliest works of Mr. Godwin, will give him credit for being a writer of fiction of no common power. Cloudesley, his last novel, our readers are doubtless acquainted with. The work before us first appeared in 1794—"a novel," says the author's biographer, "which, in spite of the brilliant works of the same species which have since adorned our literature, still holds its place, and has been frequently and we are apt to believe invariably, pronounced the best in our language." It forms Nos. 11 and 12 of Harper's Library of Select Novels.

M. Chabert. Some native fire-eater, we perceive by the advertisements, has started on opposition to Monsieur; and calls himself the, "American Fire-Eater." So it is in every thriving business: as soon as one person is found to make money by it, up starts a competitor. We indeed thought M. Chabert secure of a monopoly; but, well as we supposed we understood the Yankee spirit of enterprise, we now perceive we calculated without our host. But Monsieur will probably find less competion at the South, especially if he should go there in summer. The Camden (S. C.) Journal, though ready to admit that, from all accounts, the Frenchman "could swallow a brick kiln in flame, and cool off upon a gulp or two of melted pot metal," says—"All we ask of him, is, to spend a day with us in July next. If he goes safe out of that experiment, we shall advise him to open a retail powder house in the crater of Mount Ætna."

Park Theatre. The Lion of the West, written by Paulding, has been reproduced at the Park, with alterations by Stone, the author of Metamora. Hackett, as Col. Nimrod Wildfire—the half horse, half aligator Kentuckian—keeps the house in constant roar. Mr. Sinclair and Miss Hughes have been singing to good purpose, both for the pleasure of the audience and the pockets of the manager.

Richmond-Hill Theatre. This establishment was opened on Monday evening, with a full and fashionable house. The Prize Address, written by Halleck, was spoken by Mr. Langton. It was poetical, but not so well calculated for stage effect as it might have been. Mr. Russell played Goldfinch, in the Road to Ruin, with admirable effect, and Mrs. Russell appeared to advantage in the character of Sophia. In the part of Crack, in the Turnpike Gate, Mr. Russell was equally effective. Mestayer also did well in the character of the old sailor, in the same piece. The performances in general were very creditable; and the applauses of the audience, hearty and encouraging. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Duff appeared as Belvidera, in the Tragedy of Venice preserved. The lady is too well known and appreciated to require a word from us. Messrs. Cooper, Holland, Finn, and other stars, are engaged.

A Correspondent has sent us the following amusing Extracts. They will doubtless be new to most of our readers.

Nicholas the Fish. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, there was in Sicily a famous diver, named Nicholas; who had, by his skill acquired the surname Pescecola; which is as much as to say, Nicholas the Fish. He was accustomed, from his earliest youth, to dive for pearl-oysters and coral, to the bottom of the sea; and frequently remained four or five days successively in the water, living on raw shell-fish. As he could swim to perfection, he often passed to the distant islands, carrying letters enclosed in wax. Frederic, King of Sicily, having heard of Pescecola's strength and address, ordered him to plunge into the gulph of Charybdis, near the promontory of Cape Faro, to reconnoitre the dispositions of that place. As the King observed that Nicholas was not very eager to undertake this dangerous experiment, he threw in a gold cup, and told him he should have it for his trouble, provided he could bring it up. The able diver, animated by the hope of this recompence, threw himself to the bottom of the gulph, where he remained nearly three quarters of an hour, and then rose to the surface of the water, holding the cup in his hand. He made the King a particular recital of the rocks, the caverns, and the marine monsters, which he said he had seen or felt, and ended by protesting it would be utterly impossible for him to return a second time. But Frederic showed him a purse of gold, which he promised him, and a gold cup much more valuable than the former, which he immediately threw into the gulph. Pescecola, soon afterwards, again plunged in; but he was never more seen.

Tragic Actors. Montfleury was one of the greatest French actors of his time, for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine.

Most readers recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated, that Zara, when in her turn she addressed the old man, found him *dead* in his chair!

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his enthusiasm for his profession; for according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!*

The convulsive efforts of Junius Brutus Booth, in a judgment scene, as Brutus, in the Fall of Tarquin, produced an apoplexy, from which, however, he was recovered by their instantly raising him upright.

Moliere expired from the exertions he made in his comedy of the Hypochondriac.

Pope Benedict XIV. On the death of Clement XII., the Cardinals were a long time deliberating on the choice of a successor; Cardinal Lamberti, by way of quickening them, said—"Why do you waste your time in discussions? If you wish for a saint, elect Gotti—if a politician, choose Aldrovandus—but if you require a good companion, take *me*. This sally pleased them so much that they at once elected him as Benedict XIV.

Exercise at School. I remember once reading an advertisement, or rather a school-bill, printed in the English language, but coming from the French Press, wherein, by way of recommending the advantages of the academy and of assuring parents that air and exercise were attended to, it was stated that "The scholars walk off, ten in the day:" meaning, "The scholars walk often in the day."

When Voltaire was writing his tragedy of Merope, he once called his footman at three in the morning, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to M. Paulin, who played the part of the *tyrant* in that play. The servant excusing himself under a pretence that it was the hour of sleep. "Go, I say," continued Voltaire, "tyrants never sleep."

ESCAPE OF LAVALLETTE.

Count Lavallette thus relates the particulars of his escape from confinement when sentenced to death. The narrative is somewhat abridged.

My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourge. When we were alone, she said, 'It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope; we must, therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan chair which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger, a favourable opportunity of leaving France.'

I listened to her and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying, I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plans. I know it will succeed: I feel that God supports me!' * *

'What will they do,' I said, 'when they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you?' I was going on, but I soon saw by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections—I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus:—'Well, then, I shall do as you please, but if you want to succeed, permit me at least to make one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair; for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes.' This reflection seemed to strike her. 'Change,' I added, 'that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is at your disposal. I promise to do to-morrow all you wish.' 'Well you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is your last resource.' I took her hand and answered, 'I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it.' This promise made her easy and we separated.

On the next day, when his wife came she was accompanied by her daughter.

She was dressed in a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put over her light dress on leaving a ball-room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. 'This is quite sufficient,' she said, 'to disguise you completely. She then sent my daughter to the window, and added in a low voice, 'At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering room, you will put on my gloves, and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately, I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care when you pass under the doors; which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering room, and the goaler generally hands me to my chair which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met, after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly as I tell you. Remain calm—Give me your hand; I wish to feel your pulse. Very well, now feel mine. Does it note the slightest emotion?' I could perceive that she was in a high fever. 'But above all things,' she added, 'let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin.' * * *

She then called my daughter, and said to her listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight: you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when we enter the large registering room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that these impertinent gendarmes of that guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?' The child repeated the instruction with won[illegible]tness.

Di[illegible] was brought up. Just as we were going [illegible] to table an old nurse of ours, Madame Du[illegible]toit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very [illegible] far from being useful to us, the poor woman [illegible] to our confusion. She might lose her pre[illegible] ind at the sight of my disguise; but what [illegible] done! The first object was to make her [illegible]oanings, and Emilie said to her in a low [illegible]e, 'no childishness. sit down to table, [illegible]t; hold your tongue, and keep this smel[illegible] your nose. In less than an hour you [illegible] open air.'

[illegible] which, to all appearance, was to be the [illegible] me, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats, not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three quarters struck at last. 'I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville,' said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet de chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, 'Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now,' said she to me, 'it is time to dress.'

A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing close. * * In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. * * I pulled the bell. 'Adieu!' she said, raising her eyes to heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen, the door opened. I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering room. I was obliged at the same time to raise my feet and to stoop lest the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded, but on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand, and the jailor coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and putting his hand on my arm said to me, 'you are going away early, madam.' He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said that my daughter and I sobbed aloud; the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars, to show him I wished to go out. He turned at last his two keys, and we got out.

At last I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant; but no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immoveable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket like those of a serpent towards his prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first emotion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men, and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, 'One of the chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another.' At the same instant I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and on getting out turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Ortevres, facing the Rue de Harlay."

Lavallette here entered into a cabriolet, driven by Count Chassenon; and during the drive, he changed his female attire for a livery. In the Faubourg St. Germain, he met his friend Baudus, and joined him as a servant.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain, the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St Germain.—I walked with difficulty; M. Baudes went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was nevertheless obliged to get on. We saw gend'armes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on, and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. 'I am going,' said he, 'to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get you into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with on your right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there.'"

This was no other than the hotel of the Duke of Richelieu, the Minister for Foreign Affairs!

"M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. 'Where is the man going?' cried the porter. 'It is my servant.' I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place, that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment the door of which was immediately shut upon me. * * On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written: 'Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list and wait with patience.' Next to this was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Moliere and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing box. The delicate attentions and the neat hand writing of the note made me guess, that my hosts combined with their most generous feeling elegant and refined manners.—But why was I in the hotel for Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the king. Besides in that case, it would be more natural to pardon me."

The fact was, that the Treasurer for the Department of Foreign Affairs, who, in the various political changes that had taken place in France, had once been himself proscribed, and found safety in the virtuous resolution of others, had consented to give him protection. Madame Bresson herself brought him his first meal, and the husband soon after paid him a visit.

"'Open only half your shutters,' he added, 'and let no more light in than just as much as you want to read: if you catch a cold, thrust your head when you cough into this closet.' I had asked for some beer, to quench the thirst that had tormented me for the last month. 'You cannot have any. We never drink beer and some observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgot the history of M. de Montmerin, who was discovered and died on the scaffold, through having eaten a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown at the corner of the door. A neighbor, who knew that the woman who concealed him was too poor to buy chickens, guessed that she had in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You shall have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you wish, but no beer!'"

In his concealment a thousand interesting circumstances occurred, which all tend to heighten the interest of the narrative but we must pass them over. At length application was made by friends to Mr. Robert Bruce, and through him to Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson, to aid in his escape from France and they all cordially assented.

"The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked no more than two days to finish their preparations. I received very particular instruction concerning my dress; no mustachios an English wig, my beard shaved very clean, after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great coat with buttons of the English Guards; the regimentals were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

"We held counsel and as it occurs in most cases, our first steps were wrong. It was looked upon as very necessary to get my coat made by a tailor of an English regiment; but he would want my measure. My friend Stanislaus took it with fine white paper, and instead of the notches that the tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it '*length of the fore arm, breadth of the breast*,' &c., in a fine neat hand and carried it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of Guards. He quickly made the coat, however, not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me another great coat at an old clothes' shop, and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself.—He was, however, tall and thin, so that in less than forty-eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had no boots, and all our speculations were useless in contriving to procure me a pair. I was forced to put on a pair belonging to M. Bresson; they were at least two inches longer than my foot; I could scarcely walk in them, and we all laughed much at the awkward figure I cut.

"On the 19th of January, 1816, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I at last took leave of my kind friends. We were all very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. * *

"After I had embraced them, Messrs. Bresson and Baudus brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle where I found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination we crossed the Place du Carousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries stationed along the railings of the Tuilleries, and when I saw the palace lighted up, and filled, I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them.

"We stopped at a house in the Rue de Helder, near the Boulevard, there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been too much danger in our appearing to know each other. I afterwards learned, that she was going to Mr. Dupuis, my reporting judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had during my trial examined me twice at length and with great severity."

At the lodgings of Captain Hutchinson he met Sir Robert Wilson, and Mr. Bruce; and, after some short consultation, it was determined that they should start the next morning at eight o'clock. After counting every hour of the night, Lavallette observes:

"I heard six o'clock strike. I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely, I found Sir Robert Wilson in the street, dressed in his full regimentals and seated in a pretty gig. Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also, on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, every body in the streets, and, by a singular coincidence, they were just at this moment putting up, in the Place de Greve, the Gibbet which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy persons declared guilty in contumacy."

They passed the barrier without much difficulty; at La Chapelle they were obliged to change their horse.

"When we approached the house, we perceived four gend'armes standing in front of the large door. Sir Robert went up to them; they separated, that we might pass; and to prevent them from paying any attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. His enquiries were chiefly directed to the number of stables and the quantity of forage and lodgings that were to be found in the village; from all which they concluded that English troops were expected, and one of them invited the English captain to accompany him to the mayor. 'Not at present,' he answered; 'I am going forward to meet the wagons, and in two hours I shall be back.' The conversation could not last very long with an Englishman who knew but little of our language. But the horse was quickly changed and we had the satisfaction on going away, to exchange salutes with the gend'armes. I learned that the man who had brought us thus far belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignag. On the road we met with several gend'armes in pursuit of malefactors, for bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes upon us without suspecting any thing. I had accustomed myself, on seeing them, to shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognised and apprehended, to blow my brains out; for it would have been too great a stupidity to suffer myself to be brought back to Paris.

"We arrived at last at Compeigne. At the entrance of the suburb stood a non-commissioned English officer, who, on seeing his General, turned to the right and marched with great gravity through several small streets, until he stopped at a small house, in a very lonely part of the town. There we found an officer, who received us very well, and we waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis was to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post-horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travelled under his name. Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock, after having been followed a great part of the way by the gend'armes. We had not an instant to lose, the carriage advanced rapidly.—We experienced a great delay at Conde, in getting through the town, but it was during the night. At last, next morning, at seven o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier.—I was beginning to feel more easy, when the postmaster told us to go and have our passports examined by the captain of the gend'armerie. 'You forget to read who we are,' said Sir Robert, calmly; 'let the captain come here if he chooses to see us.'—The postmaster felt how wrong he had acted; and taking our passports, he went himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a most horrible anxiety. Was I going to be wrecked in the harbor? Suppose the officer of the gend'armes were to come himself and verify the signatures, and to apprehend me! Fortunately the weather was very cold; it was scarcely daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Preventive Service wanted to see whether we were in order; but, having satisfied his curiosity we went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postillion showed us at a distance, a large house that was the Belgian Custom-House. I fixed my eye on that edifice, and it seemed to me as if it remained always equally far off. I imagined that the postillion did not get on. I was ashamed of my impatience, but it was impossible for me to curb it.—At last we reached the frontier; we were on the Belgian territories. I was saved! I pressed the hand of Sir Robert, and expressed to him with a deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude."

NANTUCKET.—This island is only 15 miles long. The inhabitants, so far from being mostly Quakers are so arranged among other denominations, that the Quakers do not probably constitute more than one fourth or one third of the whole population. There is an overflowing society of Methodists. The influence of the Quaker manners of our forefathers has undoubtedly given a character to the social intercourse and the habits of the present race; and a casual observer might innocently conceive a larger proportion of the people to be Quakers than he would find to be so upon minute inquiry.

It is not strictly true, that the grazing land is held in common by the people. The large tracts of unoccupied land without the limits of the town are owned by individuals, in different rights and in different quantities; and the share of each in these parts of the island which are most valuable, from their comparative fertility, or from other causes, is susceptible of being accurately defined, and might be considered a tenure in severalty. There is a small proportion which remains as a common property, in strict acceptation of the term, of the "proprietors of the common and undivided land." Upon this, and indeed upon other parts of the island which are unoccupied, cattle and sheep exercise the privilege of grazing. The cows feed in several herds, as is found most convenient, and the sheep range over the island, and are not collected together in one pasture. They are gathered into one field in the summer, that they may be shorn, but a few hours after their liberation is sufficient for their dispersing to the ends of the island. They show here the habit which has been mentioned by some Scottish writer—and by others doubted—that of returning to their accustomed haunts, with—we we had almost said—religious fidelity. The sheep that was "bred and born" on Smith's Point, will, in a few hours—although it is eight miles from the place of shearing—find the way to his native soil; and the resident of Siasconset may be seen wending his way thitherward with an assiduity that forbids his stopping for refreshment, until he has reached the "south-eastern extremity of his Excellency's dominions." It is mentioned that a few years since, when a fence was erected around the town, and the sheep that had lived in the town—as well as the rest—were excluded, the obstinacy of of this habit was so inveterate, that the *town sheep* came and persisted in staying there, until numbers actually died of starvation.

The exports are of the spermaceti whale oil, as well as right whale oil, whalebone, and sperm candles. There were, in 1829, sixty ships employed in whaling from this port. There are now sixty-two ships belonging to the port, and six ships are building for the whaling business. The value of this fleet, as fitted for sea, amounts to about $2,000,000.—*N. Inquirer.*

From the London Court Journal.

A VISION OF THE CORONATION.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

The steady foxhound staunch and true,
Which oft has brushed the morning dew;
With foot of power has bounded free,
First of the pack, o'er mound and lea,
When age comes on to quench his fire,
And nature's energies expire,
Still in its dreams pursues the chase,
Still fleets the foremost of the race,
In fancy's troubled vision sees
Sly Reynard breast the morning breeze,
Hears bay of hound and huntsman's horn
Along Dunallen's pastures borne,
And dashes into Yeldham's stream,
Then wakes and finds 'tis but a dream.
Thus may the minstrel, faithful still,
Sigh for his ancient strength and skill;
In dreams recall his vanish'd fire,
And strike once more the poet's lyre,
Again a song of gladness sing,
To celebrate a patriot King,
Though never he may hope again
To join the courtiers' glittering train,
Though never he may hope to roam
From precinct of his native home.

II.

O'er mount and vale the word has flown,
That William mounts his father's throne.
In Erin there is sound of mirth;
For Erin knows her Monarch's worth,
Echo her hills with William's name,
Song, feast, and fair her joy proclaim;
Joy gleams on bright Killarney's floods,
On Connemara's tangled woods;
On Mangerten a bonfire gleams,
Reflected in a hundred streams;
Feuds for a while are cast away,
Rock for a while resigns his sway;
And hearts that own no other tie,
In loyalty and gladness vie;
And William's name is powerful spell
The bitterness of hate to quell.
Whatever else the land may be,
Whate'er the blemishes ye see,
Whatever else may be her blot,
One virtue she has ne'er forgot;
One boast the land of Erin sends,
She ne'er forgot her foes—or friends.

III.

Scotia with a bound springs up,
Rears on high the brimming cup,
And a potent draught takes down,
To William—health to wear his crown.
Nor in the land of wit and song,
Where the torrent pours along,
Of poet's love and poet's care,
For ladye bright and maiden fair,
Be a blessing left unsaid,
For our noble Adelaide!
Where springs the wild deer on the heath,
Scarce the heather bends beneath
His limb of light and foot of speed,
(Fleetest he of highland breed)—
Not more swift the wild deer's flight
O'er Benvoirlich's topmost height,
Than fleets the news from hill to hill,
From vale to vale, of William's will.
Old Edina hears the cry,
Stirling's castled craigs reply,
Lomond's joy runs into riot,
Grimly smiles the high Dumyat,
Highland chief and lowland laird
The echoes of their halls have seared,
With a wassail, such as springs
From liegemen's love to patriot kings.

IV.

Relate, Oh Muse! for thou hast seen
  Yon portal opened wide,
When deck'd in more than mortal sheen
With many a jewell'd braid I ween,
Entered our ever gracious Queen.
  Without one taint of pride,—
Meek, lowly, pure, in that proud hour,
No thought was hers of rank or power
Tender to him who calls her wife,
As any in the vale of life,
Who tread together life's long round,
In kindness and affection bound,
Whose humble hearts have never known,
How rare is virtue on a throne!
The shouts that from the crowded aisle,
Burst forth at William's kindly smile,
As reverently his head bent down,
Beneath the weight of Britain's crown,
The joyous sounds of high acclaim,
From beauty's roseate lips that came,
The louder voice that thundered then,
From the rough throats of bearded men,
No tongue can tell—yet by each eye
Surpassing thoughts ye might descry
In every loyal breast assembled,
With fealty and with love which trembled!
The Law sent forth her proud array,
To magnify the festive day—
Lyndhurst, with eye of falcon ken,
The features sage of Tenterden;
And towering in his pride of place,
Brougham—raised upon the stately dais—
Aye! mark him well, for sooth to say,
Such other is not here to-day.—
And when you've scanned his outward man,
Try then his Spirit's strength to scan.
Methinks ye'll mutter, if ye try,
Yonder is "more than meets the eye."
Needless I tell that beauty there
  Was brightest upon earth;
For England's maid, serene and fair,
Scotland's proud dame, with stately air,
And Ireland's nymph, a jewel rare;
  Beat all of mortal birth.—
Fame sent her chosen. Ye might see
  Duke Arthur proud and high—
If somewhat starched and stiff he be,
I marvel what yourself would be
If ye had seen Napoleon flee
  Before your master eye?
Bold Hill, and Beresfords, and Graeme—
And if I miss one kindred name
  Which Scotland still holds dear,
If Hopeton's stately form be gone,
Still let the joyous chord ring on,
The land that claimed him for her son
  Shed laurels on his bier.
Wondrous and bright the assembly glow'd,
And proud its pomp and triumph show'd—
Yet, as our eyes were turn'd to where
Sate a young maid in royal chair,
With gentle features, delicate,*
  Yet with an eye that spoke
Deep musings, and a heart elate
With joyous pride and hopes that wait
On the first yearnings of the great,
  Strange thoughts in all awoke.
And Oh! if wish and prayer had power,
  From misery to free—
Never would cloud or darkness lower—
O'er England's "bright consummate flower!
From danger's storm and sorrow's shower
  Safe would its blooming be.
Cease, cease, vain man! the future leave
  To Heaven's almighty sway,
To-morrow may our hopes deceive,
Our country of its joy bereave;
To-morrow give us cause to grive—
  Let us rejoice to-day.
"Glory and life for many a year,"
  'Twas thus the chorus bore,
That broke upon my dreaming ear,
"To William and his consort dear,
"To prince, and paladin, and peer"—
  The Bard's last vision's o'er!

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* The magnanimous author of the above must likewise have had, in his dreams, a vision of the "Times," which is the only paper, so far as we have seen, which has stated that the Princess Victoria was present at the ceremony.

RECEIPTS.

How to make Poetry.—Take your fingers and count them, then reduce your line to the quantity required, always taking care that the words which sound like each other be last. This dish may be formed of sense or folly, point or dulness, according to your means, but a slight sprinkling of Oh's and Ah's with a shake or two of metaphors or similes, is indispensable. Be careful that the rhyme is good: "All's well that *ends* well."

How to make a Pun.—First, lay a trap for it, and when you see your opportunity, pounce upon it immediately, garnish it with a few grins; and serve it up as often as you conveniently can. A trap may be set in many ways. The trap enigmatical, thus—Why is a person beating his wife like a ladies' tailor? Because he is a man milling her (*milliner*); do you take? The trap hypothetical, thus—If a chairman were political, he would certainly—lend a helping hand to the Poles. The trap anecdotical, thus—When the tyrant of Algiers was conveyed to Naples, the polacca, on board which vessel he was, outsailed all the vessels which accompanied her. "Indeed,"—but you know there was no wonder in that, for she was sure to carry the *Day*. These, or many other methods, may be followed of laying the trap, and when once the pun is caught, it requires but little care or ingenuity to make it available.

How to make a fortune. You must first make yourself tall, and have a good head of hair or a handsome wig, wear a plaited shirt, a black velvet waistcoat, a large gold chain, and a military surtout. You must call yourself Captain, and swear you are descended from an *ould* Irish family. This plan we have known to be particularly *taking* among the rich old widows of Cheltenham and Bath. We have known a wound in the arm thrown in with remarkable effect, and have seen the result greatly accelerated by the invention of a rich old uncle, a baronet, without a child. *London Court Journal.*

Anecdote of His present Majesty, when Duke of Clarence. The royal Duke, accompanied by a lady of rank, used to bring the celebrated Master Betty to sit to Mr. Northcote for his portrait. One day, the prince, tired perhaps of doing the looking on part, began to amuse himself by quizzing the personal appearance of the painter; whose small form enveloped in a loose patched morning gown, crowned with scattered white locks, not much indebted to the comb and scissors or arrangement, was as singular as the man himself. As the painter pursued his task, the prince twitched the collar of his robe; upon which the artist suddenly turned round and signified his displeasure by a frown. Regardless of this tacit reproof, his royal highness lifted up the painter's grey locks with his finger; observing, "you do not devote much time to the toilet—how long may it occupy you?" Mr. Northcote, turning round, replied calmly, "Sir, I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me. You are the first who ever presumed to do so; and I beg your royal highness to recollect that I am in my own house." He then resumed his work. The prince was silent, and soon after went away, without waiting for his carriage, though it rained; contenting himself with an umbrella, which he borrowed from the painter. When the duke was gone, the lady observed, "I fear, Mr. Northcote, you have highly offended his royal highness." "Madam," he replied, "I am the offended party." The next day, a tap at the door of the painter's studio was followed by the entrance of the royal duke. "Mr. Northcote," he said, "I am come to return the umbrella, which you were so good as to lend me yesterday. I brought it myself, that I might have the opportunity of saying, that I yesterday thoughtlessly took a very unbecoming liberty with you, and you properly resented it. I really am angry with myself, and hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it." "And what did you say?" inquired the friend to whom he first related the circumstance. "Say? gude God! what would 'ee have me have said? Why, nothing: I only bowed, and he might see I felt. I could at that moment have sacrificed my life for him. Such a prince is worthy to be a king."

How many more Walter Scotts?—Now a days, a novel writer and a Walter Scott are synonymous terms; and if any young gentleman should write a novel, and his reviewers should not say that he is a second, third, fourth, fifth, or five hundredth Walter Scott, he would have reason to think himself very ill used, and sadly neglected. Marry come up: one writer has as good right to be a Walter Scott as another. Mr. Cooper has been an American Walter Scott this many a year, and very recently Mr. Grattan is discovered to be a Flemish Walter Scott. The author of the O'Hara Tales, we suppose is an Irish Walter Scott: and the writers of military and naval romances are military and naval Walter Scotts; and the authors of fashionable novels are fashionable Walter Scotts; and the author of the Castilian is a Spanish Walter Scott: and what myriads of Walter Scotts, of one kind or another, are constantly at work to keep the Minerva press going! There is a noble family in England, which being once remarkable for the eccentricities of many of its members, gave rise to a saying that there were three sorts of human beings in the world, viz: men, women, and the family in question. The like saying may be adopted and applied in the manner of Walter Scotts, and it may be said that there are now three sorts of human beings—men, women, and Walter Scotts. Prof. Malthus, who is a dab at calculation, might tell us whether Walter Scotts increase in a geometrical or an arithmetical ratio, certainly not in an arithmetical ratio, for their increase defies arithmetic; it must be, therefore, in a geometrical ratio, and if paper and ink increase only in an arithmetical ratio, the authorship of the Walter Scotts must soon come to a stand still.

London Atlas.

A Fighting Quaker. Thomas Cumming was a bold and busy man, who mistook his vocation when he turned quaker (for he was not born in that sect.) He planned and almost commanded a military expedition to the coast of Africa, in 1758, which ended in the capture of Senegal. It and its author made a considerable figure in Smollett's History of England, Vol. ii, p. 278, where the anomaly of a quaker's heading an army is attempted to be excused by the event of the enemy's having surrendered without fighting, and a protest that Cumming would not have engaged in it had he not been assured that against an overpowering force the enemy could not have resisted. This reminds us of another story of Cumming. During the rebellion of 1745, he was asked whether the time was not come wherein he, as a quaker, ought to take arms for the civil and religious liberties of his country. "No," said Cumming; "but I will drive an ammunition wagon." Yet this bustling man was, it seems, morbidly sensitive.

Mrs. Piozzi says he died heart-broken by a libel in a slanderous periodical newspaper. Dr. Johnson once told me, that Cumming, the famous quaker, whose friendship he valued but slightly, fell a sacrifice to the insolence of lying scribblers. He asserted at his dying hour, to Dr. Johnson, that the anguish of a nameless letter, written in some of the common prints of the day festered on his bosom, and threw him into a slow fever, of which he died. Mr. Chalmers is in possession of one of those libels, found, as he believes, in the town and Country Magazine, in which, by a wooden cut, and under the name of Tomaccumingo, his person and principles are certainly severely handled, but nothing to die of. The date, however, of this paper, which Mr. Chalmers believes to have been published in 1774, the year in which Cumming died, gives some countenance to Johnson's anecdote. *Croker.*

Militia Exempts.—At one of the late exemption courts for the purpose of purging the list previously to the names being put into the ballot-box, a simpleton of a fellow belonging to the parish of W——, who had only returned from the hymeneal altar the week before, stept forward when his name was called, and claimed exemption. Being a good looking young man of about five feet ten inches high, and no bodily defect being apparent he was asked the grounds of his exemption. Without making answer, he drew from his coat pocket a bible, upon which he began to read, "Deut. 24th and 5th. When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war, neither shall he be charged with any business: but he shall be free at home one year, and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken," which, having returned to the place from which it was taken, he stood silent, awaiting the decision. One of the deputy lieutenants, eyeing the clown with a knowing smile, immediately interrogated him, "Pray, were you ever married before?" "Me? No! I'm no ane an' twenty yet." "O then, my lad, you are out in your defence, for the advocate you have employed mentions a *new wife!* Pass on to the next name."—*Scotsman.*

Sagacious Dogs. Last week we published a story of a dog, that applied a match to a cannon, which made tremendous havoc in the enemy's ranks. Since then we find an account of one of these animals in New-Jersey, who regularly listens for the winding of the mail-carrier's post horn, and hastens some hundred yards to the corner of a road, seizes the packages in his paws or mouth, we do not learn which, and transports them in safety to the domicile of his master! Such dogs are worth having.

However these stories are but nuts and gingerbread to the one we once heard related by an old tar, who declared upon his *affidary*, that he once belonged to a ship which traded to the East Indies, on board of which, was a large Newfoundland dog named Cæsar. This dog was remarkably docile and sagacious, and after a few weeks, performed the duties of an ordinary seaman. Whenever a topsail was clewed down to be reefed, Cæsar was the first *man* on the yard, and invariably hauled out the weather ear-ring. He soon learned to furl light sails without assistance; could take his spell at the pump; and in light weather, took his trick at the helm, by night or by day. The captain would not allow him to steer during a gale, fearing that if an accident should occur, the underwriters would not consider themselves liable for damages. Poor Cæsar was killed at last by a sailor, who threw a handspike at his head because he made such a hideous bellowing in calling the starboard watch.

Exeter Newsletter.

Slaughter of Infants. "Mr. Nott assured us, that *three fourths* of the children in Otaheite were wont to be murdered as soon as they were born, by one or the other of the unnatural parents, or by some person employed for that purpose—wretches being found who might be called infant assassins by trade. He mentioned having met a woman soon after the abolition of the diabolical practice, to whom he said, "How many children have you?" "This one in my arms," was her answer. "And how many did you kill?" She replied "*Eight!*" Another woman to whom the same questions were put, confessed that she had destroyed *seventeen!* Nor were these solitary cases. Sin was so effectually doing its work in these dark places of the earth, that, full as they were of the habitations of cruelty and wickedness, war, profligacy, and murder, were literally exterminating the people. But the Gospel stepped in, and the plague was stayed. Now, the married among this christianized population are exceedingly anxious to have offspring, and those who have them nurse their infants with the tenderest affection." *Bennet and Tyerman's Voyages.*

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 10th, Samuel Wilson, merchant, to Miss [illegible] Lyon.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Brentnall, Mr. John Davis, to Miss Sophia, daughter of Adolphus Lane, Esq. all of this city.

On the 9th, John S. Hoag, to Miss Mary Bertram.

At Philadelphia, Robert Morris, Esq. Editor of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, to Miss Amelia Louisa, daughter of Wm. [illegible]—Isaac B. Carson to Miss Rebecca B. Hays, daughter of C. M. Hays of Burlington N.J.

DIED,

In this city, on the 12th, Frederick M. Nelly, of [illegible], Missouri, aged 26.

On the 12th, David P. Conklin, 35.

On the 12th, Isaac Vanderbergh, 47, formerly five years a [illegible] in the Deaf and Dumb institution in this city.

At New York, Mrs. Lucy [illegible] 23.

At Boston, Hon. Jonathan [illegible].

At Philadelphia, Deborah Bergh, consort of Wm. Bergh.—Mrs. Anne Susannah Rosenberger, wife of Capt. John J. Rosenberger, 67—Hannah P. wife of Dr. George Powell—Mrs. Elizabeth Macpherson, widow of the late Gen. Macpherson, and daughter of the Rt. Rev. Bishop White.—Elizabeth, wife of Henry Ross.

At Lancaster, Pa. John Jeff[illegible], 82.

At New Bedford, Benjamin Lindsey, the original proprietor, and until a few years past, the sole publisher of the New Bedford Mercury, 53.

At Lexington, Ky. Daniel Mayes, Esq. Cashier of the U. S. Branch Bank.

At New Orleans, Pierre Le Caron, [illegible], probably the last survivor of the soldiers who served under Montcalm at Quebec. Le Caron was then 12 years of age, a drummer. [illegible] French [illegible]. He also was engaged during the revolutionary war.

ARABIAN HORSES.—The subscriber having become a proprietor of the three Arab horses—Wyeman, a grey—Zelcaadi, light sorrel—and Kockland, a bay—offers two of them for sale; thus affording to gentlemen desirous of possessing a horse of the genuine Arab blood the rare opportunity of making a selection from three.

These valuable horses were presented to Mr. Rhind by the Sultan; were chosen by his orders from amongst the finest and fleetest of *his own stud*, and it is but fair to presume, both from the source from which they were derived and the fine points they possess, that they are superior for breeding to any three horses which may ever again be offered to the public. For a view of them, apply at the Belle Vue Farm, near New Brunswick, New Jersey; for terms or further particulars, to the subscriber, corner of West and Clarkson streets, New York. [nov. 19.] JNO. H. BOSTWICK.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.

THIS truly valuable remedy has now been before the public for four years, and has proved itself the most valuable remedy discovered for coughs, colds, asthma or phthisic, consumptions, whooping cough, and pulmonary affections of every kind. Its sale is steadily increasing, and the proprietors are constantly receiving the most favourable accounts of its effects.

Each bottle of the above medicine is accompanied with printed directions, also certificates from many individuals of its salutary effects. For sale by

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, 81 Wm.-st.,
Nov.19.c General Agents for the city of N.York.

CAUTION.—The original and genuine Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash, prepared only by Lowe & Reed, Boston, and recommended by Dr. Webster, Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, and by Drs. Shattuck, Shurtleff, and Flint, of Boston, and other respectable physicians, is sold in the city of New York by only Rushton & Aspinwall, No. 81 William-street, general agents for the city of New York; M. C. Slocum, No. 303 Broadway; Charles E. Cornell, 145 do.; John Milhau, 183; R. D. & H. C. Hart, 173; J. I. Hewitt & Co. 137, and N. Smith Prentiss & Co. 24 William st.; Jeffn. B. Nones, 614½ Broadway; and A. Inness & Co. corner of Broadway and Spring-st.

☞ The public should be advised that the article advertised by C. M. Olcott and others, is an entirely different preparation, resembling the genuine in name only, which name was assumed after the original preparation had acquired an extensive popularity, to assist in the sale of an imitation article. The genuine and original Compound Chlorine Tooth Wash is enclosed in a wrapper, containing the certificates of the gentlemen above alluded to, and also the written signature of the subscribers. LOWE & REED.
Boston, Oct. 23, 1831. Nov.19.c

COMMUNICATION.

DR. THORP—Dear Sir: For a number of years past I have been suffering under some of the most disagreeable and dangerous symptoms. Some time in the year 1819, I was thrown from a horse and seriously injured; since which I have at times been suddenly seized with a giddiness of the head, loss of sight, and numbness over the greater part of my body: after some time, these would pass off, and leave me with an intolerable head ache. The frequency of the attacks caused me to see Dr. Reynolds, who attended me for several months without the least benefit; he declared the numbness to be nothing more or less than palsy. Recollecting to have read a communication of Mr. J. Turner, of West Chester county, whose daughter was cured in a short time of that disease by your Carminantia, hoping for the like success, I purchased a bottle for $1 50; and it will afford you pleasure, no doubt, to be informed that it has perfectly cured me. Yes, I have found more benefit in one bottle than all the medicine I have taken for six years past. You are at full liberty to make known the wonderful cure your Carminantia has effected—for wonderful indeed must be the medicine to overcome the palsy.

W. T. MILLS, first Premium Milkman,
corner of 30th street and Sixth avenue.

☞ The Carminantia can be obtained of the proprietor, 399 Broadway, corner of Walker st. Nov.19.c

MAVERICK & TOWNSEND,

ENGRAVERS, Lithographers, and Printers, 96 Elm, corner of Walker street, N.Y. Merchants can be supplied with Bills of Lading, Exchange, Notes, Drafts, &c. in a superior style, at prices almost as low as type printing, without any expense of plate.
Nov.19.c

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N. Y. Lottery, Reg. Class No. 11 for 1831 drawn Nov. 16—18 56 45 55 36 24 41 25.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

Nov. 23—Extra 33, $20,000..........$5
Nov. 30—Extra 34, $10,000..........$5
Dec. 7—Extra 35, $12,000..........$4

My distant patrons will please notice that the next two good schemes will be drawn on the 14th December and 11th January. I thus early give notice, to prevent disappointment, and to give time for all to write.

Dec. 14—Reg. Class 12, $40,000, 20,000, 10,000—66 numbers, 10 drawn..........$10
Jan. 11—Reg. Class 13, $30,000, 10,000, 4,000—45 numbers, 7 drawn..........$10

Both the above are good for packages.

A New York Lottery will be drawn every Wednesday. Those remitting funds and not naming any particular class, will have sent to them tickets in the first good scheme.

N.B. All those who deal with Sylvester will receive the "Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Price Current" (published every Wednesday,) gratis for 12 months. It is a most useful paper, and should be in the hands of every country merchant or dealer.

☞ Commission business, also Exchange, and collection of drafts, attended to with promptitude.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N York.
References; Messrs. Yates & McIntyre. Nov. 19.

Great success at Sylvester's, 130 Broadway.

OFFICIAL drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 11 for 1831, drawn Nov. 16—18 56 45 55 36 24 41 25.

Comb. 45 55 56, the capital prize of $4,000, was sold in a whole ticket by Sylvester—being the highest capital sold in this city. This, added to the $6,000 sold last Wednesday fortnight, and the $5,000 last Wednesday week, is the usual result of success attending tickets purchased from Sylvester, and is a convincing proof that he is the most fortunate vender in the world. All orders for tickets must be addressed to

Nov. 19. S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

DANIEL KLAUBERG, No. 84 Maiden Lane, New-York, makes all kinds of Surgical and other Instruments, warranted equal to any imported. He also makes Razors, Pen-Knives, and Blades, Tailors' Shears, and all kinds of Cutlery, warranted to give satisfaction. He sharpens all kinds of Edge Tools, with a new Machine, in a very superior manner, and Polishes Steel equal to any done in Europe. Instruments, Razors, &c. &c. brought to a fine edge, in a manner not equalled by any other person in this city. Also imports all kinds of Cutlery, Swords, and Sword Blades for Canes, Blades for Dirks, Book Binders' Shears, Tailors' Shears of all kinds, Scissors, Razors, Penknives, Table Knives and Forks, &c. &c. &c.

PRINTING INK. The subscriber, who is a practical printer, has been, for the last fifteen years engaged in the manufacture of Printing Ink, and he flatters himself has given his customers general satisfaction. He respectfully solicits a continuance of the patronage of his typographical brethren. His experience fully enables him to supply his customers with as good Ink as can be obtained in the United States, of unchangeable color, and also well calculated for the composition roller; and his arrangements for its manufacture are such, that he can furnish it on as favorable terms.

Ink of various fancy colors, viz. red, blue, green, &c. made to order. GEORGE MATHER,
Oct 22 111 Prince street.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.

PEACH-ORCHARD, Lehigh, Schuylkill, Liverpool, and Lackawana Coals, all at the lowest market prices. Apply at the Coal Offices, c. of Murray and Washington, and Canal and Elm-streets.
sep.28. S. B. REEVE & Co.

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NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for smelting iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1 5th ton); Pictou Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct. 29. RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad st.

WANTED. 20 or 30 young ladies who perfectly understand the making of all kinds of caps.

Apply at L. MORANGE & DAVIS.
October 12th, 1831 105 William Street.

POCKET-BOOK, WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Pocket Books, Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

MARBLE WORKS.

J. FRAZEE gives notice to his friends and the public generally that he has recently taken into partnership with him Mr. Robert Launitz, of Rome Sculptor, and late pupil of Thorwaldsen, and that the establishment of sculpture, and monumental art in Broadway will in future be conducted under the name of *Frazee & Launitz.*

It is confidently hoped that so important an acquisition of talent to this establishment will not only prove highly gratifying to the friends and patrons of the artists thus mutually united, but that a discerning public will also duly appreciate its certain and anticipated benefits, it being the ostensible object of the partnership to enlarge and improve the department of monumental sculpture and statuary, and, by the union of genius and talent, render their works in every respect worthy the highest patronage of the country. Oct 22

MEDICINAL AND FANCY LOZENGES.

JUST RECEIVED, a large assortment of *Medicinal and Fancy Lozenges*, fresh, and of superior quality to any that have yet been offered—amongst which are Rose, Lemon, Ginger, Peppermint, Tolu, Camphor, Paregoric, Soda, Ipecacuanha, Boneset, and Horehound; the two last are excellent palliatives of coughs and soreness of the breast, the nauseous taste of the herbs being so completely disguised in the lozenges that they are very pleasant to the taste.

Boulles de Gomme, a new article for colds and coughs, prepared by Pelletier, Pharmacien at Paris.

French Jujube Paste, just imported. For sale by

GEORGE D. COGGESHALL,
Druggist and Apothecary,
Nov.9.c 421 Pearl, corner of Rose-st.

PECTORAL BALSAMIC PASTE OF REGNAULDSEN.

THIS invaluable medicine has been lately introduced here in this country, on the authority of the certificates of the most eminent French physicians, and many thousand Frenchmen have felt the efficacy of this Paste, in all pulmonic diseases, coughs, spitting blood, and rheumatism; it is besides of a very agreeable taste, and prepared in the best possible and commodious way. For sale at

Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER's
nov.9.c Drug and Chemical store, 377 Broadway.

BRUSH MANUFACTORY.

ABRAHAM & JOHN PECKHAM, No. 250 Greenwich Street, offer for sale a general assortment of Brushes on reasonable terms. March 12.

BROADWAY HOTEL.

THE *LONG ROOM* attached to the *Broadway Hotel*, No. 601 Broadway, and extending to Houston-street, 50 by 80 feet, is the largest room in the Eigth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies, and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar.

SADDLE, HARNESS, TRUNK & MILITARY EQUIPMENT MANUFACTURER.

G. H. RAMPPEN, No. 312 Broadway, next to Masonic Hall, offers for sale on reasonable terms, Saddles, Bridles, Harnesses, and Trunks, and Military Caps and Belts of every description; Carpet Bags, Valices, &c.
nov.9.c

257 Hudson, one door above Charlton-st.

APPLEGATE'S FANCY STORE AND PRINTING OFFICE.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has fitted up a store in front of his printing office, where he intends to keep a general variety of Perfumery, Cosmetics, Soaps for washing and shaving, Razors, shaving Boxes, Penknives, Quills, Paper, &c. with a general assortment of Stationary and Fancy Articles

*** Perfumery and Fancy Articles will be received in exchange for printing.

nov 9.c WM. APPLEGATE, 257 Hudson-st.

LADIES' WHITE BEAVER HATS.

E. BLOOMER, No. 160 Broadway, New York, has just commenced manufacturing *Ladies' White Beaver Hats*, entirely of a new form and finish, which exceed any thing of the kind ever got up in this country.

E. B. has used every exertion in procuring workmen of the first talents in their profession, and relies upon the patronage of his friends and customers throughout the United States for a remuneration, and trusts his hopes will be realized by a discriminating public.
nov.9.c

UNPARALLELLED FOR SWEETNESS OF TONE

The nymph who wakes this dulcet wire,
Will think she hears an angel's lyre.

JUST OPENED, and ready for inspection, at the "Franklin Music Saloon," No. 1, Franklin Music Saloon, (late Franklin Bank,) the most splendid assortment of Spanish Guitars ever ever presented to the American public. See them, touch them, and be convinced. Violin Strings. Just received from Naples, one thousand bundles of superior Italian Violin Strings, well assorted. Just published, Perspective Lessons for the Spanish Guitar. Apply, as above, to

FIRTH & HALL.

WILLIAM H. BRIDGENS,

Engraver, Die-Sinker, and Letter Cutter,
No. 177 William-st.

SILVER plated, patent white metal, and brass Door and Number Plates kept constantly on hand, of the choicest patterns; business, visiting, and address Cards, neatly engraved and printed; Office Seals, Coats of Arms, Crests, Ciphers, &c. engraved on steel, silver, or brass; Rollers and Plates cut for embossing paper, leather, silk, &c.; Heads for Newspapers, Endorsing Stamps, Fac Similes, and Linen Stamps of every description; Letter and Figure Punches, Brand Marks, Marking Plates, projecting Brass Letters and Numbers, Window Tablets, Book Binders' Rolls and Stamps, Brass and Stereotype Side Plates, Letters, Palletts, Filletts &c. &c. nov.9.c

PEACH-ORCHARD COAL,

From "Spohn's Mine."

THE SUBSCRIBERS are now landing, and constantly receiving, cargoes of the above Coal, so celebrated for the ease with which it ignites, its cleanliness and brilliancy in burning, and the length of time which it will burn. Apply at either of the offices, c. Murray and Washington, and c. Canal and Elm-streets.

S. B. REEVE & Co.

P.S. The public will please notice, that no other person or company have any of the above for sale. sep.28

NEW COAL YARD.—R. & J. WESTERVELT respectfully inform their friends and the public in general, that they have opened a Coal Yard corner of King and Greenwich streets, where they offer for sale on reasonable terms, Schuylkill Coal of the best quality. Orders will be received at the store of Westervelt & Denison, No. 95 Maiden lane, and at the Yard.

P. S. Lackawana, Lehigh and Liverpool Coals for sale as above. *Oct. 5.*

PEACH ORCHARD COAL.

THE subscribers have now in Yard a large supply of this superior fuel received direct from the mines of the *North American Coal Company* which they recommend to the public generally as unsurpassed by any other anthracite that has yet been discovered—They believe upon trial that it will be found to answer for *domestic* purposes much better than the article usually brought to this market and that it can be consumed in a *Liverpool Grate* without the least alteration of the same, as it unites the desired quanties of being easily ignited with those of durability and continual brightness in burning—orders received at the office 157 Broadway or at either of the yards 36 and 371 Washington streets.

H. & A. STOKES.

COMPOUND CHLORINE WASH, for cleansing and whitening the teeth, preserving the gums, removing taste from the mouth, and rendering the breath sweet and pleasant—sold by

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, jr,
oct8 Agent for the proprietor, 38 Cedar c. William st.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

The subscriber most respectfully begs leave to invite the attention of ladies and gentlemen, who are wishing to supply, in the BEST POSSIBLE MANNER, *the loss of their teeth, to his admirable* IMITATION HUMAN INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THESE teeth possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificially inserted teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface most beautiful enamel, and that *peculiar animated appearance* which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude the closest scrutiny in detection. They are INCORRUPTIBLE! and with their *colour*, retain their *form, solidity, durability, polish, strength* and *beauty*, to the last period of human existence. In point of *economy* they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of *fire* and *acid*, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva, or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," other dentists have deemed it *not* unfair to appropriate the *name* to teeth of *their* procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis, he deems it no less his duty to *caution* his patrons and the public, that his "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" are, in this city, inserted by *himself only*.

The subscriber will continue to furnish ladies and gentlemen with single teeth to entire sets in a style not surpassed nor excelled in Europe or America.

Every operation upon the teeth performed on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill.

Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping, with gold, metalic paste, or platinum. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus *tartar*, hence removing that peculiarly disgusting [illegible] of a bad breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs, or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gumbiles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to many of the eminent and distinguished members of the medical faculty.

JONATHAN DODGE, L. N. H. OPERATIVE DENTAL SURGEON,

Manufacturer and Inserter of "Interruptible Imitation Human Teeth,"

No. 5 Chambers-street.